

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

London
May 27, 1942



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Karsh, Ottawa

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone

The latest portrait of Princess Alice to reach this country from Ottawa shows H.R.H. in the blue uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force (Women's Division) in which she holds the high rank of Air Commandant. H.E. The Earl of Athlone was appointed Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada in 1940. Their daughter, Lady May Abel Smith is now in Canada with her parents, having taken her three children out there for the duration of the war. Both she and her mother are untiring in their war efforts. H.R.H. is Commandant-in-Chief of the Women's Transport Service (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry) and sometime Lady Grand President of the League of Mercy, in addition to her many other activities



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Tactics, Not Strategy

HITLER'S attack on the Kerch Peninsula now appears in its proper perspective. It has been purely tactical, and only a preliminary to his grand spring strategy. Stalin was quick to appreciate this. Timoshenko did not waste any time in launching a counter tactical offensive at Kharkov. This was to create a nuisance and if Hitler was compelled to send reinforcements to Kharkov, as we are told, Timoshenko has done a good job. Hitler's strategic plan is yet to be unfolded, but it may be that we shall see him making yet another attempt to drive towards Moscow from Kalinin. Simultaneously he will drive towards the Caucasus from a line through Rostov. If this is an accurate conjecture the Kerch prologue assumes this importance. Hitler requires the peninsula as a base for paratroops who will come into action when the Caucasian drive is successfully launched. Obviously Stalin is wide awake to Hitler's move. The counter-offensive at Kharkov proves this beyond doubt. It also indicates the measure of the military campaign which is about to be fought, which is fraught with so many possibilities for mankind the world over.

Stalin's Secrecy

As Russia and Germany are locked in this great struggle we are able to compare the rival systems of government. There is no doubt that Stalin's iron rule is more rigid than Hitler's. Information does leak out in Germany, facts can be obtained. But all who come back from Russia tell the same story. "We don't know anything. Nobody knows what is happening in Russia but Stalin." One of my most pertinacious friends back from Russia with what I hoped was to be an objective and factual account of the progress of

the war, was most apologetic when he said: "You know far more than I do, I might as well have been in an internment camp." He was not bitter; he did not intend his remark to convey that. He was full of praise for the Russians. He said that Stalin's stock stands higher than ever before. The Russian man in the street likens him to Lenin. But what is disturbing to me is the fact that the Russian man in the street is inclined to be anti-British. He thinks that Russia is bearing the brunt of the whole war.

Mutual Aid

THE Russian is not told all that Britain is doing for Russia in the way of war supplies, nor are British officials, or even the British Government, told what Russia is doing. Russian plans are wrapt in an impenetrable mystery. Why this silence? The British Government have spared no efforts to break it down. But the fact remains that Stalin does not trust any of his allies. This is not a comforting thought, for Britain and Russia will be responsible for reshaping Europe and restoring freedom and friendship throughout its ravaged territories. Stalin is supposed to have indexed in his capacious mind facts about the political forces in all countries. Many of these facts have been submerged by the tremendous events of the last few years. But I always feel that Stalin does not appreciate the swiftness and completeness of the change which has swept over Britain and the rest of the world. It would not surprise me if he doesn't nurture the idea that all Britain wants is for Russia and Germany to exhaust themselves in their struggle.

If Stalin ever sends M. Molotov, supposedly his nearest confidant, on a visit to this country, the Russian Prime Minister will probably realise how wrong is this conception of the new Britain. He will find in the fields and factories

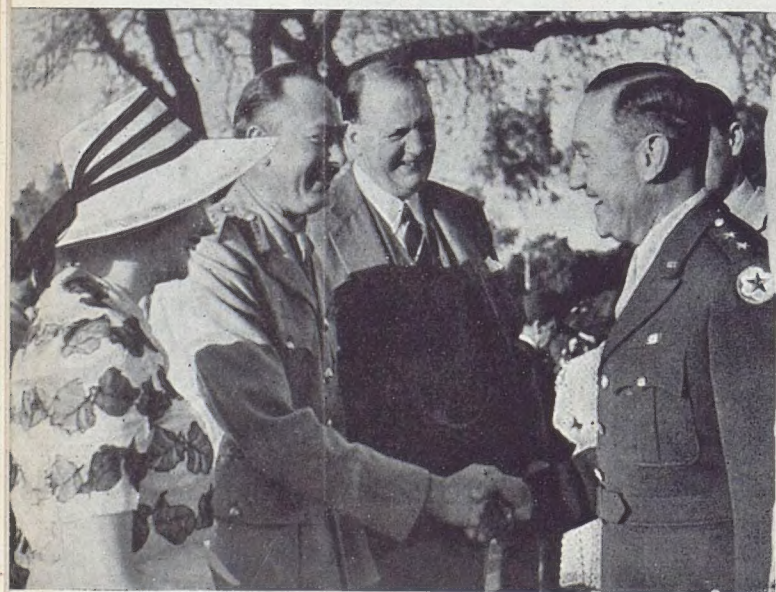
of this country that men of all classes have developed a remarkable (in some cases, an unreasoning) emotion for Russia's resistance. Such a visit must yield good results. No time must be lost in Britain and Soviet Russia negotiating a political and economic agreement as a basis for future co-operation. Mr. Anthony Eden started discussions on these lines when he was in Moscow last December, and since then views have been exchanged on many outstanding matters between London and Moscow. An important fact which must not be lost sight of in the diplomatic structure which has to be erected without delay is the lamentable plight of France. At best, it will be some long time before France's voice can carry weight in European affairs.

In Germany

THE mystery of General Giraud's departure from Germany, his visit to Vichy, and now his disappearance altogether increases the scope of speculation. Those who know General Giraud believe his escape from Germany was genuine. But there are others who believe that his freedom was engineered by the over-cunning of the Germans who were plotting to use him for their own purposes. We cannot know the facts for some time, but I came across a man who escaped from Germany seven months ago in similar circumstances. This man found ordinary Germans were only too happy to aid his escape. They gave him money and food and even railway officials helped him. He was amazed when eventually he got to London to find that prevailing opinion believed German morale to be iron-clad. He found the man in the street in Germany was—seven months ago—sick of the war and fearful of defeat. That is why they tried to be friendly and helpful to this man—a Pole.

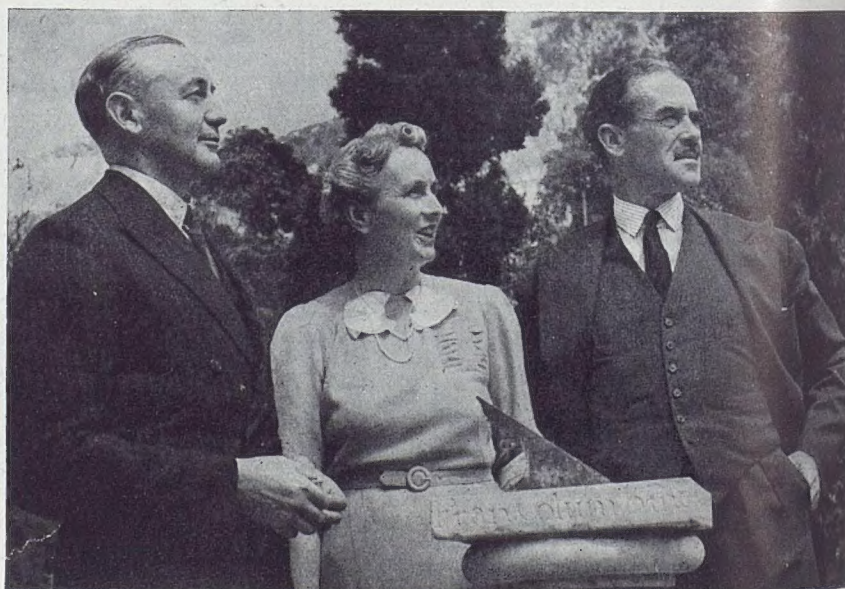
Robust Religionist

I AM not a Roman Catholic, but I believe that the wartime addresses of Cardinal Hinsley are more robust than any delivered by the other church leaders in this country. His address to the people of Malta, which was broadcast at a solemn mass sung in Westminster Cathedral, was a remarkable performance. As in all his war speeches the ageing cardinal did not dissemble. He spoke fearlessly and bravely in his condemnation of Hitler and his partner Mussolini. There was conviction, as well as



The Duke of Gloucester in Cairo

Last month the Duke of Gloucester attended a reception at the British Embassy in Cairo, and is here seen shaking hands with Brigadier-General Russell Maxwell, Chief of the American Mission in the Middle East. With him is Sir Miles Lampson, British Ambassador to Egypt, and Lady Lampson



Mr. Casey Meets Old Friends at Gibraltar

Mr. R. G. Casey, on his way to Cairo, paid a visit to Gibraltar. There he was received by Mr. Arthur Yencken, British Minister Plenipotentiary in Madrid, and Mrs. Yencken, who is an Australian, at whose wedding in Australia he was best man in 1926. Mr. Casey has now arrived in Cairo, to take up his new duties as Minister of State

inspiration to Irish courage, in his voice. I think he ranks among our best broadcasters. On this occasion his address had more than passing significance, for he was speaking to an island of Catholics where Italian influence was supposedly strong before the war.

Fuel Rationing

AFTER Whitsuntide we are promised a political battle over the problem of fuel rationing. The Government thought it wiser to withdraw the Beveridge scheme of coupons for coal, light and heat, and produce a more comprehensive scheme which would deal with the fundamental facts of the problem. These are that we are not producing sufficient coal to meet our requirements and the authorities have not found it possible to release sufficient men from the forces to return to the pits. Therefore there must be rationing of some kind.

At the same time we are told there must be reorganisation of the coal industry and the ominous word of nationalisation has once



President of Dr. Barnardo's

Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, accompanied by Countess Baldwin, paid one of his very rare visits to London, when he attended the May meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Homes at Central Hall, Westminster. He became president of the Homes when he ceased to be Prime Minister and has presided at all their meetings since that time. This was the first since the war

again come into circulation. I blame the Conservative 1922 Committee for this. Under the leadership of Mr. Erskine Hill, a Scottish barrister, they bluntly refused to accept rationing by coupon. They did not speak of compromise, but threatened to reject the plan out of hand. This enabled the much more nimble-minded Mr. Hugh Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, to turn a probably political defeat into a likely Labour victory for Socialism. He rallied the Labour Party behind him with the promise that he would produce a thorough-going scheme of reorganisation and rationing with State control. Thus we have another instalment of Socialism "in our time," which is wartime. Why do the Conservatives blindly let themselves be led into such a position? If the Government produce a moderately efficient plan of State control, the Conservative Party will have to accept it. They cannot revolt against the Government in the middle of war because the coal industry is going to be run by the State.



An Anglo-American Naval Occasion At The Admiralty

Admiral H. H. Stark, Commanding the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, with Mr. Winant, and member of his Staff visited the Admiralty recently, and are seen here with Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. A. V. Alexander. Front row: Captain C. A. Baker, U.S.N.; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord; Mr. J. G. Winant, the American Ambassador; Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty; Admiral H. R. Stark, Commanding U.S. Naval Forces in Europe; Mr. Winston Churchill; Captain R. S. Wentworth, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Navy; Captain H. A. Flanagan, U.S.N. (Back row) Commander H. R. Hardy; Rear-Admiral A. L. StG. Lyster, Fifth Sea Lord; Lord Bruntisfield; Colonel Sir Eric Crankshaw; Vice-Admiral Sir W. J. Whitworth, Second Sea Lord; Commander Thompson; Vice-Admiral Sir B. A. Fraser, Third Sea Lord; Vice-Admiral E. L. King; Vice-Admiral Sir J. H. Cunningham, Fourth Sea Lord; Vice-Admiral H. B. Rawlings; Admiral Sir Percy Noble; Rear-Admiral R. R. McGrigor; Captain T. A. Selberg, U.S.N.; Rear-Admiral A. J. Power; Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake; Commander E. N. Litch, U.S. Naval Air Attache; Sir J. S. Barnes; Captain R. A. Pilkington, Civil Lord; Rear-Admiral A. M. Peters; Flag-Lieutenant A. C. Veasey, U.S.N.

Independents' Day

THE Independents who have been returned to the House of Commons have almost had their day. They have produced a People's Movement. The original members are Mr. W. J. Brown, who won Rugby against the full weight of a Conservative Party machine, which is a tribute to his energetic personality, for he had no organisation to back him. The other members are Mr. Edgar Granville, who until recently was a Liberal National, and at one time was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Simon when he was Foreign Secretary, and the dark and handsome Captain Cunningham Reid. The birth of the Party was announced without any celebrations and no indication has been given who will act as leader.

Imperial Relations

DR. H. D. EVATT, the Australian Minister for External Affairs and Attorney-General, is gaining invaluable experience of Britain's war effort at first hand. He went on a tour of the north with the Prime Minister, and will make other tours alone from time to time. He has seen Mr. Lloyd George and addressed the Labour Party in private. Those who meet Mr. Evatt are impressed by his agile mind and his desire to gather all possible information and to hear all manner of views. But Dr. Evatt does not vary his own theme, no matter to whom he talks. He says again and again that Australia needs more and more help. There is no doubt that much of the ill feeling, which seemed to be thriving in certain Australian sections of opinion, will be submerged as a result of Dr. Evatt's mission. His elevation to the rank of Privy Counsellor by the King will enable Dr. Evatt to share fully in the deliberations of the War Cabinet as they affect Australia, and to take his place at the Privy Council meetings.

Bound for Washington

THE appointment of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham as head of the British Naval

Delegation in Washington came as a surprise. Sir Andrew has done a wonderful job in the Mediterranean since 1939, and no tribute can be fitting which does not take account of his daring and resource, his energy and foresight. It will be a different life for him in the United States, but the fact that he has had so much experience of the aeroplane-versus-battleship war in the Mediterranean, makes his appointment significant. He is succeeded at Alexandria by another great sailor, Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, victor of the Battle of the River Plate.



Opening of the Belgian Institute

The Belgian Institute was opened recently in London by the Duke of Kent. Above are the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg and Sir Malcolm Robertson listening to the inaugural speech. Sir Malcolm Robertson is president of the British Council

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

Hepburn at Her Best

OPINIONS have always been divided about Miss Katharine Hepburn. Some have averred that she is one of the finest actresses on the screen, worthy to rank with Garbo and Dietrich; others, that she is angular, unfeminine, and even unhandsome. With the latter estimate I cannot agree. She has moments of extreme gracefulness; she can be as womanly as Loretta Young herself; and when she smiles one can compare this plain woman to any of those much less talented ladies who seem to be engaged by Hollywood on the strength of their looks and little else. And she has that greatest of all gifts in a public artist—she has personality to the nth degree. It may be easy to mistake, say, Miss Hilda Hyphen for Miss Clara Colon, and vice versa; no film-goer could ever mistake Miss Hepburn for anybody except her brilliant and intelligent self.

IN *Woman of the Year* (Empire) she gives a superb performance; dividing the honours, be it said at once, with that best of screen actors, Spencer Tracy. Both their parts, in operative phrase, consist mainly of arias and duets: and how varied are the solos of Hepburn! We see her in many situations; as the successful American journalist, lecturer, interviewer of famous refugees, rushing and flying from one city to another, as in her earlier years she rushed and flew from one country to another; we see her dictating, telephoning, writing, sending and receiving messages to and from all the corners of the earth. We hear her speaking to a rapt and hushed audience on woman's rights. We see her in her more intimate moments falling in love with another, but much humbler, journalist, who is Spencer Tracy; dressing and undressing in her luxurious "apartment," giving a party—a good scene this—to a crowd of foreigners, not one of whom can speak a word of English and whom she addresses in their own tongues.

And then, when the story really begins, we see her marrying Tracy, neglecting her duties as a wife even to the extent of throwing an impromptu party in her bedroom on her wedding night, and afterwards still continuing her old career of rushing and flying hither and thither. And so we follow the rather be-thumbed plot, watching the husband leave her in disgust, seeing her pursue him in vain, and knowing that all will come well in the end, that she will, like Millamant, "dwindle into a wife," and that the couple will be reconciled; which, of course, they are.

BESIDES her arias, this diva has two long scenes of dumb show which are among the most diverting things in the film. Hepburn has decided to return to her husband's flat while he is still in bed in the morning, and, unknown to him, cook his favourite breakfast; but alas, she knows not a thing about cookery. She lets the coffee boil over; she is incapable of breaking an egg in the right way; she feels as strange in a kitchen as Mr. Pickwick did in the Marshalsea Prison. Her horror, her fear of her husband awakening in consequence of the noises she creates, her frenzied perusings of an unfriendly cookery book—all this is the richest comedy.

AND Spencer Tracy? Slick, perfect in timing, always providing some subtle touch artfully observed from life, he maintains throughout the character of an easy-going, good-humoured, slightly cynical Average Man who is always conscious of a certain social inferiority to his brilliant wife. This performance must rank amongst his finest achievements. He also has an aria or two, sometimes even touching pathos when he feels himself bereft and neglected; and he has many duets with la Hepburn, tender, humorous and exciting.

Apart from these two admirable artists, and a number of skilful touches, plus a good deal of genuine wit in the dialogue, there is not much to this film; which, as the reader will perceive, is yet another version of the old Petruchio-Katharina story. But it is all so well done, and the time during the two hours' duration of the picture passes so quickly that no ennui can be registered, and although we know in advance what is going to happen, one enjoys it all as if it were the last word in novelty and originality.

A COMPLETE contrast to these time-honoured manoeuvres of a young married couple is the all-British picture, *Next of Kin* (London Pavilion). This is the film which at first was only intended for the troops, as a warning to Keep Their Mouths Shut; but persuasion from many sides induced the War Office to release it for public exhibition. And a very good picture it is, exciting, exhilarating, in parts even breath-taking: the best kind of propaganda. The story is well known by now; how a brigade is being trained for a raid on the enemy, how the men are told not to talk, how they do talk—although in the most seeming-harmless manner—how enemy agents use chance overheard remarks and scraps of information to their own advantage; and so on to the sensational and, in a sense, disastrous climax.

I hear that some of the more lurid shots depicting hand-to-hand fighting have been cut out in consideration for the feelings of the more sensitive part of the audience; but what remains is sensational and grim enough. The acting is first-class throughout, a host of well-known actors and actresses contributing to an entertainment which may be equalled, but certainly cannot be surpassed, anywhere in London. If I must single anybody out it must be Mervyn Johns. And the Army, the Navy and the Air Force do their bit as well; and how well! This is a picture for all to see; and the sooner it is released everywhere, up and down the country, the better will it be for all lovers of patriotic, thrilling and precautionary drama.

"Woman Of The Year"

Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy

Marriage Versus Career Film at the Empire



Sam Craig (Spencer Tracy) sports writer on the "New York Chronicle," is having a feud in his columns with Tess Harding (Katharine Hepburn) who writes an international column for the "Chronicle." The two meet for the first time when jointly reprimanded by the paper's managing editor and are mutually attracted

"Bedtime Story"

Loretta Young and Fredric March

(Regal)

(Right) Jane and Lucius take a last look round the now empty theatre. Robert Benchley, who plays Eddie, the Drakes' business manager, is on the left



Jane Drake (Loretta Young) is the leading lady of the Broadway stage. She is anxious to retire into domesticity but her playwright husband Lucius Drake (Fredric March) continues to pen successful new plays for her. Finally, with much persuasion, he promises to quit the theatre in spite of protested financial hardship

(Right) Lucius writes a new play, "Bedtime Story." Jane leaves for Reno. She decides to marry William Dudley, a young socialite. The Dudley honeymoon suite is wrecked when Lucius engineers a free-for-all party. Jane's divorce from Lucius is invalid. The Drakes are re-united



Shortly after their first meeting, Sam and Tess are married. They live at Tess's apartment and both continue their work. Things don't go too well and finally when Tess is voted "America's Outstanding Woman of the Year," and is overwhelmed by her own importance, Sam walks out



With the loss of Sam, Tess comes to her senses. Even the little Greek boy refugee who Tess plans to adopt from the orphanage, turns from her. She tries to make it up with Sam. Early in the morning she goes to his apartment to cook his breakfast. Only when she makes a complete mess of cooking is the tension relieved and Sam takes her in his arms

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Current Revue

THE proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the test of a revue (the manager might say) is in the box office. That may be the crucial test; but there are others, æsthetic, critical, and those which the playgoer applies. The playgoer—that wayward, incalculable client for whom the manager caters—has arbitrary and conflicting tastes. He wants to be amused, astonished, titillated, charmed—what not?—or merely to be taken out of himself. And he is seldom analytically concerned with the means, so long as the desired end is achieved.

The popular demand at the moment is for revue. And the manager, being a business man, is out to supply that demand. His problem is a teasing one, complicated by various and alternative factors. If his initial outlay is to be justified, his reputation maintained, and his dividends reasonably assured, he must provide not only suitable raw material, but the right theatre in which to present it.

With so tricky an entertainment as revue, the size of the theatre is a prime consideration, which governs both the cost and the nature of the show. Intimacy and an appeal to the fastidious few is the alternative to broad effects and the attraction of the many.

The famous "Little Theatre" revues, for instance, would have been lost in the wide open spaces of, say, the Coliseum. In that vast arena, the intimacy which gave those shows their cachet, would have had to be sacrificed, their witty satire broadened to bold burlesque.

IT so happens that the two outstandingly successful revues at the moment—*Fine and Dandy* (Saville) and *Big Top* (His Majesty's)—are generous, full-blooded shows, whose intimacy verges on burlesque, and whose wit is

offset by scenic splash and the choric manœuvres of well-drilled, attractively-attired young ladies, expert in the lilt and intricacies of the latest rhythms.

Each has also the prime attraction of top-line comedians. Messrs. Henson, Holloway, and Byng, at the Saville, are experienced negotiators of the theatre's wide open spaces. The distance of the gallery does not embarrass them. And, at His Majesty's, Miss Lillie, though so subtle a mocker, is not disconcerted by the mere absence of propinquity.

THE Saville show is triumphantly produced by Mr. Robert Nesbitt, who has the measure of such a revue to a nicety. Mr. Cochran, a past master of chic, and a pioneer of the exotic, backs his flair with the Farjeonian wit so deftly pointed by Miss Lillie. Of these two shows, the outstanding decorative hit is that registered by *Big Top*, with the lovely "Flamingo" scene designed by Mr. Oliver Messel. This, in my opinion, has no current rival, unless it be the same artist's "Comus" setting in the Sadler's Wells Ballet repertory at the New.

The two other revues which have appeared this season—*Whitehall Follies* (Whitehall) and *Scoop!* (Vaudeville)—were modest rather than spectacular. Decorative and choric splendours deferred to intimacy and wit. Though first in the field, the Whitehall show failed to survive an unhappy debut—a failure that demonstrated the importance not only of good material, but of expert production.

Scoop! is modest in aim, but witty in nature. Its comedians—Mr. Harry Kendall, Miss Nadine March, Miss Joan Swinstead, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey—have proved themselves in previous revues similar in type. Their material may not always give their talents full expression; but the show as a whole is bright and inventive, not merely a complacent echo of its predecessors.

How much "beauty" will a popular revue put up with? That depends on the taste of the author and the cunning of the producer.



Dorothy Dickson and Leslie Henson

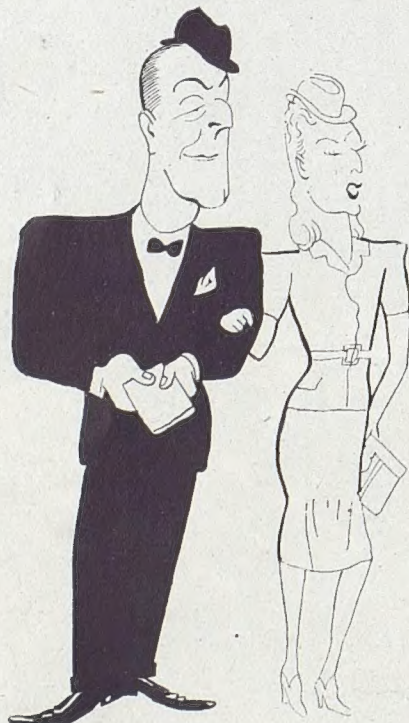
One of the funniest sketches in "Fine and Dandy" at the Saville is "Utility Suit." Leslie Henson, as Mr. Hardman, the fitter who finds difficulty in restraining his amorous emotions, is on top of his form when trying a new creation on Lady Snowhill (Dorothy Dickson)

"Swing" the stuff, and the popular demand seems insatiable. Sweeten it with sentiment, and the public appetite is not appreciably slaked.

FACED with the limitations and demands of revue, author and producer need to be philosophers as well as theatrical experts. They may well have qualms during the throes of creation, when chaos defies the advances of cosmos, and wonder whither their interpretative and technical allies are leading them. It may even seem at moments that the very stars in their courses are fighting against them.

"Can't see that, old boy!" this or that popular comedian may protest, when faced with the author's most cherished quip. Or: "If there's a laugh there, it belongs to me!" some public idol may acidly remark at the prospect of a nebula shining above her station. Has not this particular foible been amusingly pilloried by Mr. Farjeon in his "All Star Quartette," where the four stars of *Big Top* (who should know) debate it, con amore ma non troppo?

Henry Kendall, Patricia Leonard, Mary Naylor and Edna Wood in "Scoop"



The Press is caricatured by Henry Kendall and Patricia Leonard as society gossip writers



(Left)
"Beg your parding,
Mr. Harding,
Is my kitting in your
garding?"
Sings Mary Naylor,
the little girl who
is looking for the
kitten she has lost

Sketches by
Tom Titt



(Right)
Edna Wood, one of
the very pretty girls
who leads the other
pretty girls in "Gotta
Bee in My Bonnet"

Behind the Scenes

A New Ballet is Created



In Alec Johnson's studios, the decor designed by Leslie Hurry receives the finishing touches. Leslie Hurry is on the left, with Robert Helpmann (who is playing Hamlet) centre

Last week the first performance of Robert Helpmann's ballet, *Hamlet*, was given in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Aid-to-Russia Fund. The performance was attended by Mrs. Churchill with the Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Maisky. This was a tribute not only to our gallant allies, but particularly to the Russian Ballet, on whose traditions the Sadler's Wells Company has been constructed and to which the national company of Britain owes a great debt. Helpmann's ballet begins and ends with the death scene from *Hamlet*. It is an imaginative conception of what might have passed through Hamlet's mind as he dies—a death dream of the characters and situations from Shakespeare's tragedy. When the pictures on this page were taken, the ballet was in its final stages of creation. The men and women whose lives had been dominated for weeks past by thoughts of its conception were putting final touches to their own special contributions

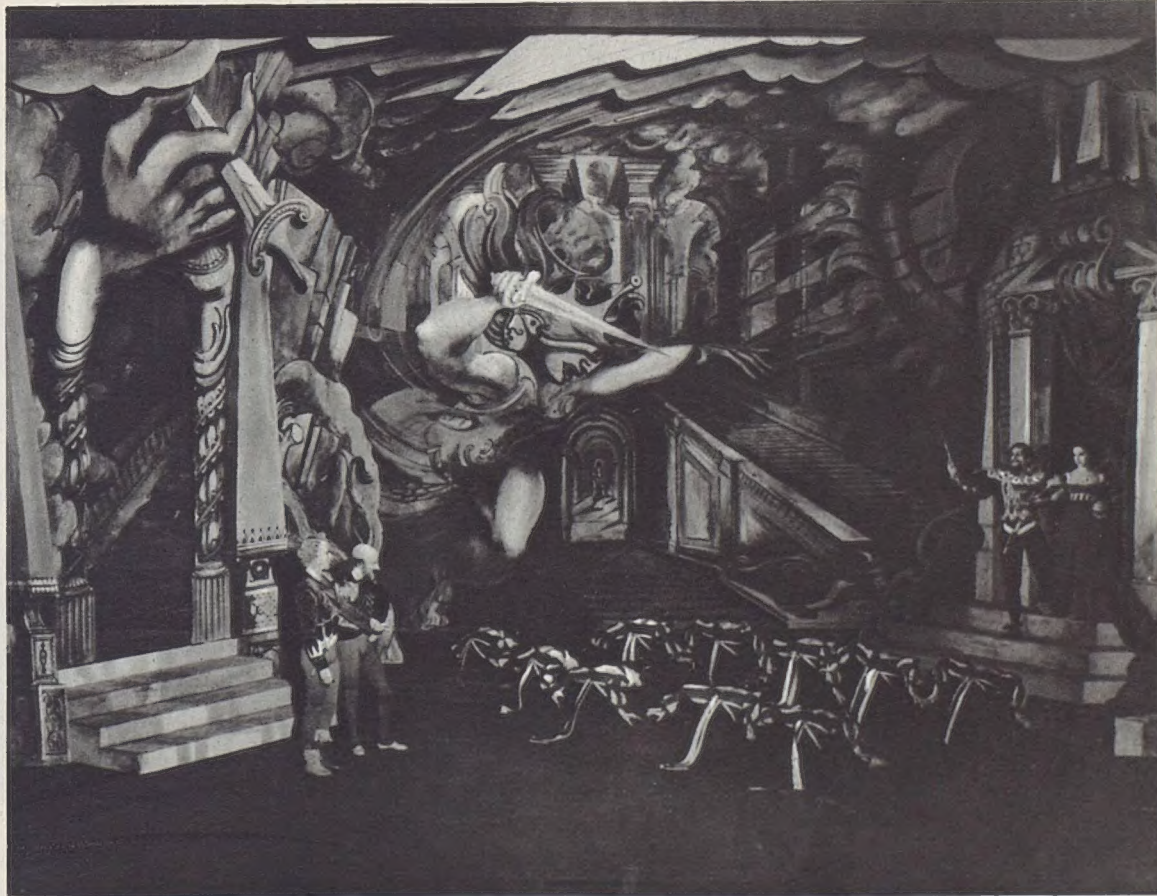
Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Margot Fonteyn is playing Ophelia. Her dresses, made by Matilda Etches, are examined by Leslie Hurry, the designer. This is Leslie Hurry's first commission for the theatre. Helpmann asked him to work on "*Hamlet*" after seeing a painting of his at the Redfern Gallery



In the property master's room there is great activity. Master carpenter Harry Coverdale, who is responsible for all properties at the New Theatre, is seen with his assistant, Miss Vivienne Kernot. Coverdale was with Sir Henry Irving in Bradford when he died. More recently he worked with John Gielgud



Some idea of the magnificent decor planned by Leslie Hurry is given by this photograph taken at a dress rehearsal. John Hart as Laertes, with Gordon Hamilton as Polonius, are seen on the left; while in the archway David Paltenghi, as the King, stands with his Queen, Celia Franca

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

H.M. Queen Mary

QUEEN MARY very rarely appears with the King and Queen at an official function: and Her Majesty had a very warm welcome, therefore, last week, when she accompanied them on their visits to the Guards Armoured Division and the Airborne Division down in Southern Command.

Queen Mary's absence from the public scene is only partly due to the enforced seclusion in the country brought about by the war. It was at the very beginning of the reign that she made up her mind to withdraw into semi-retirement, and leave the stage clear for her son and his wife.

The country life has agreed with Queen Mary more than she thought possible when she first had to leave London. She is in extremely good health and spirits, and works hard at all sorts of war jobs, from organising village scrap collections to cutting wood, and giving lifts to troops whenever she goes out in her car. Every soldier, sailor, airman, A.T.S. girl, W.A.A.F. or Wren who has had a ride in Queen Mary's car, incidentally, has a souvenir of the occasion, in the form of a small metal medallion bearing the royal cipher M.R., which Her Majesty hands herself to her delighted passengers at the end of the trip. But to friends who stay with her, Queen Mary confesses that, like so many other folk who have spent most of their lives in the metropolis, she does miss London very much, and eagerly awaits the day of her return.

W.R.N.S.

COUNTESS SPENCER, who spends most of her time at Althorp, her husband's lovely seat in Northamptonshire, had a very personal interest in the W.R.N.S. girls she met when, as Lady-in-Waiting, she accompanied the Queen, because her own daughter is a Wren. Twenty-one-year-old Lady Anne, who inherits her mother's blue eyes, beauty and poise, did not wait to be called up, but volunteered for the W.R.N.S. some time ago. On week-end leaves she has told her mother about the interest and excitement of her new life, so that

Lady Spencer was well prepared for the enthusiasm and keenness on their jobs which the Wrens displayed during the royal visit.

Earl Spencer, by the way, is a distant connection of the Premier, since both trace their descent from the great Duke of Marlborough. The Duke's travelling plate, which accompanied him on all his campaigns, is a treasured heirloom in the Spencer family.

Kent Children

RARE visitors to London in these days are the Kent children, whom I caught sight of the other day driving into Buckingham Palace, in charge of their nurse. Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra lunched at the Palace on their way from the Duke and Duchess's home at Iwer, to stay a few weeks with friends of their parents in the country. Six-year-old Prince Edward is growing up a very sturdy boy, with a mass of fair hair and his father's blue eyes. He has recently begun school lessons—at home—and the Duke and Duchess are seriously considering what form his future education shall take. The Duke, like his brother the King, was trained for the Navy, a career which he had to give up owing to ill-health, but I do not think that a Service career is intended for young Edward. Princess Alexandra, by the way, at the age of five, is beginning to show promise of artistic talent, taking after her mother. Already she sketches with a certain verve and sense of line, and the Duchess naturally is doing everything she can to encourage her daughter to develop her gift.

Talk on Poland

THE Hon. Lady Erskine's lecture, called "An Ambadress in Poland," which she said was only a talk and not a lecture, was as interesting as it was entertaining. She looked so nice, too, with the Polish colours giving a gay touch to her black outfit. Lots of well-known people went to the Dorchester to hear her, and were amused by her lively reminiscences of her seven years in Warsaw when her husband was British Ambassador there. She was very entertaining about the food she had to eat, the flowers under which she was nearly



Swaebe

"Big Top" Spectators

Lord Moyne and his daughter, the Hon. Grania Guinness, went to the special performance of "Big Top," at His Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the Yugoslav Relief Society. Lord Moyne is the Secretary of State for the Colonies

buried when leaving and the four white woolly dogs which travelled with the party from Bulgaria to Poland. Lady Erskine's sisters, Lady Godfrey-Faussett and Mrs. Allan Adair, were there, and so was Sir William Erskine himself, who looked rather embarrassed, I thought, when his wife told of the time when a bucket of water was inadvertently thrown down on him from a window.

Personalities

LADY SAVILE is back in London again and is working at the canteen at the National Gallery. She looks very neat in her W.V.S. uniform, which suits her slim figure. Lord Savile has now had a commission for some time, after having started in the ranks. His brother Henry is still at Eton. Lady Savile has had her little daughter, the Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile,



Lord and Lady Croft arrived together to see the first performance of "The Next of Kin" at the Carlton. Lord Croft, formerly Sir Henry Page Croft, Bt., was M.P. for Bournemouth from 1918 till 1940, when he became Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, and was made a Baron.



Captain Sir Basil Bartlett, Bt., the actor and journalist, was another visitor to the Carlton. He is in the Intelligence Corps, and was wounded early in the war. His book, "My First War," was published in 1940, and he has also written two plays



Sir Stafford Cripps, the Lord Privy Seal, and Lady Cripps were also there to see "The Next of Kin," and before the performance were talking to Lady Grigg (centre), wife of Sir James Grigg, the Secretary for War. Sir James was the successful National Government candidate in the recent Cardiff by-election

An Interesting Film Premiere and Some Distinguished Spectators

with her in town during the holidays, but she is now back at school in Windermere.

Lady Courtney, that attractive wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, was out lunching and looking very smart in her dark mink jacket, which she wore slung around her like a cape. Lady Ravensdale met Lady Jowett at Manetta's, and I also saw Lady Headfort, over from the family place in County Meath for a while; while the men about included Mr. Ward Price (lunching with a party including Lady Boynton, in the brightest of royal blue tweeds, and her sailor husband) and Lord Fitzwilliam.

Out and About

IN London several Red Cross workers were out together. Mrs. Patrick Davis, very slim and pretty in lovely mustard-and-brown checks and green and gold jewellery; Mrs. Baxendale, who was Miss Althea Spicer, Miss Betty Chetwynd (out of uniform for a change)—she was nursing in a hospital in Paris until the end, and had a roundabout and hazardous escape, leaving clothes, furniture and all her belongings behind—and her sister, Mrs. Larry Kirwan, who drives a huge mobile canteen and cleans it herself.

Others were the Marchioness of Cambridge, with her daughter Lady Mary Cambridge, very neat in her V.A.D. uniform, walking down Piccadilly early in the morning; Lady Lisburne, lunching hatless, her prematurely grey hair looking very attractive; Lady Catherine Ramsden, in her M.T.C. uniform, having a drink with some friends; Mrs. Sherman Stonor, Lord Camoys's daughter-in-law, making one of her all-too-rare appearances in London from the country, where she is kept busy looking after her home and young children; and Miss Belinda Blew Jones, in mufti, lunching with her father.

In Sussex

LORD and Lady Ebury have been staying in Sussex with the latter's mother, Mrs. Wessel. Lord Ebury is still on sick leave after his operation for appendicitis. Other visitors to Mrs. Wessel have been young Lord Chelsea and his brother and sister. They are the children of her youngest daughter, Countess Cadogan. Their father is serving with his regiment overseas, and has not seen his children for over two years.

Y.M.C.A. Canteen

MRS. KERMIT ROOSEVELT, who runs the "Young America Wants To Help" organisation, which is a branch of the British War Relief Society, cabled funds for the Y.M.C.A. canteen which is driven by her niece,



The Earl of Darnley's Daughter Marries Squadron Leader Gordon Haywood

Lady Marguerite Strickland was married in London to Squadron Leader Gordon Haywood, son of Mr. C. H. P. Haywood, of The Shrubbery, Willingdon, Derby, on April 30th. Lady Marguerite, who is the Earl of Darnley's elder daughter, was formerly the wife of Mr. Claud Dobree Strickland, but the marriage was dissolved in 1940, and Mr. Strickland was reported missing a short time ago while serving with the R.A.F.

Miss Antonia Herbert, and her great friend, Miss Elizabeth Rose Luttrell—the Luttrells own lovely Dunster Castle, in Somerset.

The Herberts used to use their own Ford station wagon for this purpose, taking round in it all the usual Y.M.C.A. supplies which are so enthusiastically welcomed by men stationed in isolated parts of the country. The work has grown so much lately that a second tea-car now operates in the same part of Devon, and the voluntary workers who drive and staff the cars now amount to six. Miss Antonia Herbert is likely to be called up soon; she will be extremely sorry to give up her work with the canteen.

Polish Concert

THE Polish Artists Society in London, under the chairmanship of Colonel Dabrowa, a

well-known Polish art critic, gave a concert of light Polish music at the R.A.C. Club. Professor J. Cetner played the violin, Lieut. Nowakowski sang in a loud bass voice, and Mme. B. Grzymska in a high soprano one, and Mr. S. Kleczkowski, from the Polish Embassy, compèred. The concert was an expression of gratitude to the directors of the R.A.C. for the hospitality of the Club to Poles in London. A distinguished one here at the moment is General Anders, Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Army in Russia. He is the guest of General Sikorski; he is over six foot and very military-looking. He is optimistic about the war, and thinks that German morale is crumbling, though it is not a good thing to bank on. He says that a second front in the West is indispensable to relieve the pressure on Russia.

(Concluded on page 282)



At the First Performance of "The Next of Kin," at the Carlton

Lady Venning, Major-General J. E. Chaney and General Sir Walter Venning were together in the foyer. General Chaney is C-in-C. of all American Forces in the United Kingdom, and Sir Walter Venning has been Quarter-Master-General to the British Forces since 1939

Colonel Darryl F. Zannuck, of the U.S. Signal Corps, pronounced "The Next of Kin" a fine picture. He arrived recently in London, and is here to help establish a basis of co-operation between Britain, the U.S.A. and Russia in producing training films

Lieut.-Com. Lord Gifford, R.N., and Lady Gifford were at the film. He is working at the Admiralty, and his wife, who is an Australian, keeps house for him in Sussex, where they live with their small son. Lady Gifford works for the local W.V.S.



Gay opening: the Company arrive by carriage and pair and are announced by the flunkies. Leslie Henson comes by bus and punches his own ticket. The party's on



Firth Shephard's Smartest Show

"Fine and Dandy," Stylishly Staged, Lives Up to its Name at the Saville

Left: Tribute to Russia: Graham Payn as Kapok, Douglas Byng as materfamilias and Leslie Henson as the Impresario and com-père. "The Story of the Steppes," a burlesque of Russian vaudeville, is a blaze of colour. With decor by Stern, dresses by William Chappell and dances by Robert Helpmann and Ann Coventry, no wonder the show is a delight to the eye

Below: "The Winterhalter Waltz": a lovely scene with Tchaikowsky music, Pat Taylor to sing by the harp and Dorothy Dickson (in white) to waltz with Graham Payn in classic grace



"Dance with me": Lois Davis, young and pretty, and Graham Payn waltz romantically (with occasional interruptions by Pat Taylor in the modern rhythm)



Brilliant burlesque: Dorothy Dickson (with wig) gets big laughs in a neat take-off of Vera Lynn, the radio "Sweetheart of the Forces"



"On guard": Home Guard Leslie Henson, with pike, and Stanley Holloway as the ghost of Grenadier Sam Small, defending the coast against Napoleon. Their back-chat ends in a duet about the advantages of being a ghost



Old-timer to the life: Stanley Holloway, as the Great George Lashbourn, the last of the Lion Comiques, gives a perfect parody of the music-hall star of yesteryear



"Good-bye, Miss Chips": Douglas Byng, discarding the trappings of an old Norman castle (with an allusive past), breaks into nostalgic sentiment as the retiring Headmistress of St. Fanny's



Right:
"The Brains Trust": an inspired piece of fooling and burlesque. Stanley Holloway as Rear-Admiral Camperdown, Gavin Gordon as Professor Aldwych Uxbridge, Leslie Henson as Professor Woad, and Douglas Byng as the Question Master

Photographs by
Swarbrick Studios

Frieze of folly: a lovely picture, beautifully posed and lit, for the Finale



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ANYTHING can happen in the New Forest, so we weren't surprised to read that they have just opened some barrows and discovered mortuary-houses of the Early Bronze Age.

A local chap once told us there are one or two complete villages of the Black Death period hidden in the undergrowth there as well, but he may have been a liar, as locals so often are. The New Forest itself is more full of sinister vibrations than any other we know; just the place for one of those midnight demon hunts German fairytales are so fond of. Some of its older and huger trees are menacing enough as it is. We once stayed a weekend in a house in the Forest and it looked to us at dusk as if the surrounding trees were waiting to close in and do everybody horrid mischief; the air was full of expectancy and doom. Our host said this rarely happened, but if it did happen he begged us earnestly not to ring and wake the servants, who would give notice in a body and at once. Fortunately next morning only three biggish trees seemed to have moved nearer, but they all had a filthy expression.

Trick

SOME forests are friendly enough and like to have you there—St. Leonard's in Sussex, for example, Charnwood in Leicestershire, Arques in Normandy, Chinon in Touraine. The big German forests are full of evil trees and kobolds, gnomes and devils

who terrify the natives, who then beat their children to a pulp (cf. Luther's woodcutter-father) and drive them nuts. The Scots have long since found the best trick to fool hostile trees, namely by having their forests without them.

Crack

As if she has not suffered enough already since martyrdom at the hands of Shakespeare, Voltaire, Anatole France, Shaw, and a few other boys, St. Joan of Arc is now being compared by German propaganda in France with Laval ("these two peasants of France, one from Lorraine, one from Auvergne, who rose at the right moment to save their country from destruction," etc., etc., etc.).

To the French, many of whom know how the peasant Laval amassed his immense and dirty fortune, this may possibly indicate that the German propaganda boys are cracking up at last, if that's the best they can think up nowadays. Even if Laval were a pure-souled selfless patriot it wouldn't be easy to put an Auvergnat over the French as a national hero, we guess. The natives of Auvergne, known in Paris slang as *auverpins*, *auverploums*, and *fouchtras*, are a byword for uncouthness and thick stupidity, and when they migrate to the capital they become bootblacks and coalmen as inevitably as Welch immigrants in London become drapers and milkmen.



Envy

Afterthought

It's a delicate business nowadays, picking national heroes. The only living British one we can think of at the moment to compare with, say, the Chevalier Bayard is our old idol James ("Boss") Agate, and even then his fatal modesty debars him from accepting a nation's plaudits, dammit.

Illusion

ONE of those City slickers who think things like corn and fruit grow in the fields of themselves has been suggesting that rushlights should be revived by the Government as a wartime economy next winter. Just like that.

Our rusty bucolic mirth terrifies all the nymphs of the Andredswald whenever we encounter this sort of thing, for like every other vanished rustic art, from thatching to flintknapping and triple bigamy, rushlight-making needs rustic craftsmen to teach it, and where are they? Anybody can pick the soft rushes of the water-meadows (*juncus conglomeratus* to you) and, after picking, put them immediately to soak in water. Not everybody can then peel off the rind so skilfully as to leave one even rib from top to bottom supporting the pith, and not everybody, after leaving them to bleach and dry in the sun, can dip these fragile rods in hot fat so delicately that after cooling they will burn with a clear even light and last an hour or more. In Gilbert White's time the rural population could get five and a half hours of comfortable light in this way for the cost of a farthing. But they had the trick, the artless clods.

Footnote

THE last rushlight-maker down our way died about fifty years ago and his descendants wear clean white collars and sit at cash-desks all day long, perfect serfs of the Servile State, going to the pictures every night and looking down on grimy farm-workers from a great height. Think of that, sweethearts—think, in fact, of anything, as the Red (or White) Queen said to Alice, but don't cry.

Clash

WHENEVER we hear citizens mumbling to the Press that they can't keep body and soul together nowadays on £200

(Concluded on page 270)



"I want a nice grape for an invalid"



The Duke of Norfolk has been painted in a comfortable country jacket, as befits the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and a man who is intensely interested in the land and a proper recognition of its importance to the country as a whole. The Duke is Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England. In 1937 he married the Hon. Lavinia Mary Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper and Lady Rosebery, and they have three children, Lady Anne, Lady Mary and Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER

The Marquess of Abergavenny succeeded to the title in 1938. He served in the last World War from 1916-19 in France and Belgium. In 1909 he married Miss Isabel Nellie Larnach, of Brambletye, East Grinstead, and in 1919 assumed by deed-poll the additional surname of Larnach. The Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny have two sons, the Earl of Leves and Lord Rupert Charles Larnach-Nevill, and one daughter, Lady Angela, who is married to the Earl of Cottenham's brother, the Hon. John Digby Pepys

Four Portraits

The Work of Olive Snell



Major-General Sir Oliver Leese has had a distinguished military career. At forty-seven he must be one of the youngest Generals in the British Army. Sir Oliver served in the last war; he was wounded three times, mentioned in despatches twice, and awarded the D.S.O. From 1936-38 he commanded the 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards. The heir to the baronetcy is Sir Oliver's brother, Captain Peter Leese, who is also in the Coldstreams



General Sir Bernard Paget, C.B., D.S.O., succeeded Sir Alan Brooke as Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces, last year. He was employed as a Brigade Commander in India in 1937-38, as Commandant 1938-39, and as Divisional Commander from 1939-40. In the Norway Campaign he earned high praise for his skill in withdrawing the troops under his command from the Aandalsnes area

Standing By ...

(Continued)

a year (which is true) we think with amazement of the case of Mr. Peregrine Langton, uncle of Dr. Johnson's friend.

On £200 a year Mr. Langton kept a family of three, with four servants, three horses, and a post-chaise, and lived in a Lincolnshire village in ease and comfort, entertaining frequently at a neat and handsome table; moreover he gave one-tenth of his income every year to charity, another quaint old-fashioned custom now obsolete. Admittedly Mr. Langton was a monster of prudence, but his case shows how money has lost its meaning in the space of 200 years. We once asked an economist to explain this in a few words, and we need hardly say this charlatan at once enveloped himself in a murky cloud of esoteric jargon, like a squid pursued by its enemies, and explained nothing at great length in a shrill voice, constantly contradicted by another rogue-economist present, as great a mystagogue

as he and twice as angry. They would have fought each other (with vicious, feeble slaps, in a womanish way) had we not begun to sing in a loud voice the old song about the three lovely Moors of Xaen, whose names, as you know, were Axa, Fatima, and Marien. This quelled their scrannel piping, as anything human immediately does.

Whether, incidentally, economists attract their mates by scraping their hindlegs together or rattling their thoraces is still undecided, an entomologist tells us, and who the devil cares anyway?

Rap

CLOUD-CUCKOO LAND's most characteristic gesture this week is the remark of a gentleman in the fish trade that what Great Britain wants is fish-and-chip shops which "the best people can patronise with dignity."

The operative word is not "patronise" but "dignity," and moves us to mirth of a shamefaced kind, by reason of its exquisitely apt connection with fried fish, whom the Island Race at its most dignified so closely



"I will—all being well"

Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



"Exeter, Bath, Norwich. I guess they'll be takin' a crack at you next, eh, buddy?"

resembles. It is true that habitués of the Zoo Aquarium used to notice that live fish now and again demonstrate irritation at the Race's faultless poise.

But fried fish go naturally with dignity, as we perceived years ago on coming off the sea with two other chaps at Poole, Dorset, soaked, grimy, and ravenous, and being rebuked in a fried-fish bar by a lady in black silk for singing softly in chorus at our food. People should not behave in company, she said, as if they were at home, and people that knew how to behave decent, moreover, did not sprinkle vinegar on the floor before they ate. She was right; it was a formal libation to the sea-god Poseidon, but she patronised us with dignity, as she would have done Ulysses, and we saw that we were just low-lives.

Suggestion

FROM an art-lover's letter to Auntie Times we perceive that this year's Royal Academy is the most enjoyable of recent years, because there are relatively so few pictures.

It would therefore seem to follow—correct us if stinkingly wrong—that an Academy with no pictures must be most enjoyable of all. If this is pushing logic to excess, it might be possible to have still fewer pictures, plus a high standard of excellence and also economy, by getting the painter boys to pool their efforts. Thus, in "Portrait of Hermione Lady Gowle, with Fish, Ming Vase, and Fruit, at Lamorna Cove, Talking to Nude Driving Highland Cattle In Snow" there would be represented five distinct genres, (1) portraiture, (2) still-life, (3) land or seascape, (4) nude, and (5) animals, on a single canvas.

Another economy idea occurred to Wordsworth, as is evident from his second thoughts about Lucy's portrait:

She was a Phantom of Delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight . . .
To paint her now I cannot fancy a
Better all-round man than Landseer.

Landseer had just finished a copy of "The Monarch of the Glen" for a wealthy connoisseur. It took very little time to paint out the antlers and paint in a dainty sun-bonnet, and there the R.A. Hanging Committee were, fooled again.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A Man of Importance: Colonel J. J. Llewellyn,

Minister of Aircraft Production

During the first week in February Colonel John Jestyn Llewellyn, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Aircraft Production since its formation in 1940, became President of the Board of Trade. Eighteen days later he succeeded Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, now Lord Brabazon, as Minister of Aircraft Production, thus holding three different Government offices in a month—probably a record. Colonel Llewellyn, who is forty-nine, is one of the most outstanding of the younger men in the Government to-day, and has already held several Parliamentary Private Secretaryships and Parliamentary Secretaryships at the Admiralty and at the Ministry of Supply, besides that of Aircraft Production. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he served in France for four years during the last war, was called to the Bar in 1921, and at one time commanded the Dorset Heavy Brigade. Colonel Llewellyn comes of a Dorset family, and lives at Upton House, Poole. He has represented Uxbridge in the House of Commons since 1929

*Photograph by
Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*





An epoch-making day for the Farrelly household opens with Mrs. Farrelly (Athene Seyler) at breakfast, attended by her French maid, Anise (Betty Hardy), and Joseph, the butler (Norris Smith). She awaits the homecoming, after many years absence in Europe, of her daughter, Sara, with Kurt, her German husband, and their three children. They are due to arrive at noon



A dubious Rumanian Baron, Teck de Brancovis, political adventurer and blackmailer, and his wife, Marthe, are guests of Mrs. Farrelly and her son, David. David falls for Marthe, and gives her a bracelet. They are confronted by Teck, who demands an explanation from his wife and her lover. (Charles Goldner, Judy Campbell, Peter Murray Hill)

The Best Play Since the War

"Watch on the Rhine," at the Aldwych

Lillian Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine*, the finest American play of 1941, is now repeating its Broadway success in London. Victim of political persecution, penniless and exiled, Kurt Müller, German anti-Nazi agent, is brought by Sara, his American wife, to the peaceful haven of her family's Washington home. The Müllers' three children accompany them, and the passages between the young people and their Farrelly grandmother provide some of the lighter moments in a play packed with varied emotions and political passion. Anton Walbrook gives an admirably sensitive performance as Kurt, and Diana Wynyard plays to perfection his devoted wife. Athene Seyler is witty and amusing as Mrs. Farrelly, while young Yvan Deley is irresistible as her youngest grandchild. Emlyn Williams produced this interesting play

Photographs by
John Vickers



Marthe de Brancovis, a discontented beauty, American by birth, finds David Farrelly more to her liking than the husband she detests. (Peter Murray Hill, Judy Campbell)



"I shall be a very lonely man without Marthe," says Teck, whose wife has decided to break with him. Before leaving the Farrellys' house, Teck tries a spot of blackmail. He threatens to report Kurt as an anti-Nazi to the German Embassy in Washington. Ten thousand dollars is the price of his silence



The Müller family arrive, weary and much-travelled. But Kurt Müller has not come to rest; exiled for his anti-Nazi activities, he is on a mission, and hopes to return to free his brother-agents in Germany. His children already know much of political persecution and vagrancy, and are experienced beyond their years. (Yvan Deley, Anton Walbrook, Brian Nissen, Irmgard Spoliansky)



"I love a good potato pancake." Mrs. Farrelly pronounces the culinary effort of her granddaughter, Babette Müller, to be satisfactory. Sara Müller watches from the sofa, while her children wait anxiously for their grandmother's verdict. Anise and Teck are also interested spectators of the family scene. The Müller children have already settled down and are quite at home in their new surroundings



To prevent the Rumanian from carrying out his threat, Kurt, whose one idea is the completion of his self-imposed mission, kills the blackmailer in his mother-in-law's house. His wife and elder son are present, but Sara, though shocked by the tragedy, never falters in her loyal support of her husband



Kurt says good-bye to his children. He has decided to abandon his own share of happiness and family life in America, to return to Germany to almost certain death at Nazi hands. In this he is encouraged to the last by Sara, whose belief in the necessity of her husband's mission has never wavered, in spite of opposition and discouragement from her mother and brother, and of her own private feelings

Family Pictures



Mrs. Patrick Needham and Richard

Mrs. Patrick Needham is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips, Bt., and married in 1941 Captain Patrick Needham, elder son of Major the Hon. Francis Needham, and a nephew of the Earl of Kilmorey. Captain Needham is in the Grenadier Guards, and his younger brother, Arthur, is in the same regiment. The Patrick Needhams have one small son, Richard

Right:

Lady Katherine Bingham and Her Sons

This picture of Lady Katherine Bingham and her children was taken at Bowood, Calne, Wiltshire, home of the Marquess of Lansdowne, who is Lady Katherine's brother. Formerly Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, she married in 1933 Captain the Hon. Edward Clive Bingham, Viscount Mersey's eldest son, and they have three sons, Richard, David and Andrew—Lady Katherine's mother married as her second husband, Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart, M.P., brother of the Marquess of Bute



Photographs by
Compton Collier



Mrs. Eustace Maxwell and Diana Mary

Mrs. Eustace Maxwell was Miss Dorothy Vivien Belleville before her marriage in 1940 to Sir Aymer Maxwell's elder brother. She is a daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Belleville, of Fermyn Woods, Brigstock, Northamptonshire, and a granddaughter of Count Rudolph de Kerchove de Denterghem. Her husband is a Major in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and they have a daughter, Diana Mary

Working for the Common Cause



Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, showed great interest in the mobile canteen exhibited at the Salvation Army Exhibition at Dorland Hall. This canteen is something to be proud of, for 2,000 meals can be served before the canteen has to return to base for further supplies

Right: The Dowager Lady Swaythling, who is president of the Electrical Association for Women, recently presented an electrically-driven canteen (for which members of the Association had subscribed) to the Borough of West Ham to commemorate Alderman Mrs. Gregory's year of office as Mayor. After the presentation Lady Swaythling and Mrs. Gregory enjoyed a mug of tea



Lady Violet Astor, representing Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. J. J. Astor, president of the Middlesex Hospital, received a cheque for £100 from Mrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, at the annual meeting of the Ladies' Association of the Middlesex Hospital held in London. Princess Arthur of Connaught (centre), who is president of the Association, watched the ceremony with a happy smile



Mrs. Jean Knox, Chief Controller of the A.T.S., was very interested in the skill shown by a member of the A.T.S. in boning a joint of beef. This girl is being trained as an Army cook. The picture was taken at an Army Catering Corps Training Centre, where both men and women are trained as cooks



The American Red Cross have presented five more vans to the W.V.S. This brings the number of delivery vans given by the American Red Cross up to seventy-seven, and, in all, 227 vehicles, including mobile canteens and kitchens, have been bought for the W.V.S. with American funds. Mr. Bernard S. Carter, who, with Mr. William Stevenson, made the presentation, is seen handing a miniature car to the Dowager Marchioness of Reading to commemorate the occasion



The packing of a parcel of books for despatch to the gallant people of Malta by Mrs. Ernest Norton was watched with keen interest by Sir Ernest Burdon. An exhibition of the British Red Cross and St. John Hospital Library, with a display of the types of books sent to troops on various fronts, is being held in London. Demonstrations are given on how to repair books, for an enormous amount of this work is necessary to keep the books in good condition

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Commandos in 1922

A QUITE uncanny case of prescience is disclosed in one of the stories in *Blackwood Tales from the Outposts—Tales of the Border* (William Blackwood and Sons; 4s.), written by Lieut.-Colonel L. V. S. Blacker, formerly in the Guides of the Frontier Force and now in the Field Artillery, and inventor of the Bombard, now issued to the Home Guard. The story is entitled "The Counter Raiders" and was written in 1922, exactly twenty years before the things which to-day we call Commandos, those lightly equipped, specially trained bodies, had even been thought of and long before the utilisation of parachute troops had been seriously considered. I think I am right in saying that it was not until some time after 1932 that even the Russian Army began experimenting with this form of attack.

Lieut.-Colonel Blacker's very dramatic story reads as if it might have been inspired by St. Nazaire, Boulogne, etc. As a matter of fact, of course, it may have, on the other hand, inspired the gallant naval officer who first thought of these Commando raids. A Commando, incidentally, is a body of men and not an individual, and is quite wrongly used in the latter sense. The word is borrowed from those old Boer formations, the hit-hard-and-hit-fast merchants, which De Wet, in particular, was so skilful in handling.

The counter-raiders story was pure fiction in 1922; to-day it reads like very hard fact. It tells of a riposte operation against those first-class fighting men, the tribes on the North-West Frontier of India, which to so many will always remain The Frontier, that fine training-ground for battle, and one of the spots on the map of the earth which keeps everyone perpetually on his toes.

Light Kit, High Speed

"THE Counter Raiders" in this amazing story are a mixed force, air-borne infantry, portee-borne infantry, specially picked and specially mounted cavalry on Kabulis and guns, mountain and otherwise. The whole operation is so graphically described that anyone can quite easily live through every moment of it. The narrator is supposed to be a G.S.O.I. sent out to the wild land of the "Wuzzeroos" to report upon this new and, according to Whitehall, quite unorthodox force. The O.C. shows the august visitor round just before the first platoons of the parachute troops get into the 'planes.

Their and the rest of the infantry's equipment was quite special. In place of the old cotton turban or safa, plus a Balaclava cap and a scarf, they are served out with a woollen safa made of some stuff called Pashmina, fine wool of the ibex. It is as light as a feather, and a shawl made of it is not a shawl unless you can pull the whole lot through a wedding-ring. In place of the old tight serge tunic, these counter-raiders had long smocks of khaki colour reaching down nearly to the knee, and each man was provided with three of them, the whole lot being much lighter than the old tunic, three grey back shirts, vests, socks and a cardigan. They wore shorts, stockings with a short puttee round the ankles, and on their feet quaint sandals exactly like the kothornoi of the Greeks or the caligae of the Romans. That bloody-minded Emperor Caligula took his name from this footgear.

All this was on the old racing principle of 1 lb. off a horse's feet is 4 lb. off his back. For armament, besides his new-pattern rifle, light but hard-hitting, and a much lighter bayonet than the Service one, the front rank had something resembling a short and stumpy elephant



New Zealand Hero Leaving the Palace

Wing Commander A. E. Clouston received a bar to his A.F.C. at a recent Investiture. In peacetime, Wing Commander Clouston broke many flying records, and in 1938 flew to New Zealand and back in less than eleven days. He is seen leaving the Palace with his wife and daughter, Susan

gun. The C.O. said to the G.S.O.I.: "That's what we call a hand-howitzer. For years we had been meeting people who spent most of their time behind sandbags or boulders. . . . We spent many years and countless tons of lead shooting at them with high-velocity rifles and machine-guns . . . but it was not until after the G.C.U. (Great Clean Up) that we got a sensible tailor-made shoot-over-the-rim weapon that you see there. It makes quite good shooting up to 500 and can just touch 700. . . . The little shell weighs just 18 ozs., and is filled with a new stuff called crumpite. You can get off about eight rounds a minute and you can fire it from the shoulder. It makes a bit of a jar, but there are a couple of recoil springs that take most of the bump."

The C.O. also explained to his visitor that these hand howitzers made perfect range-finders,



Racing Enthusiasts at the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show at Ballsbridge

Poole, Dublin

Lady Brooke, the wife of Sir Francis Brooke, Bt., was accompanied by her son, Mr. George C. F. Brooke, a Lieutenant in the 17th-21st Lancers. In pre-war days Mr. Brooke was a well-known follower of the Kildare Hounds. His father is a former Master of the Kildare Hounds and North Kildare Harriers

Lord Carew, who was spending a few days' leave at his home, Castletown House, County Kildare, escorted his wife. Lady Carew is the daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale. They have three children, the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, born in 1938, the Hon. Diana, born in 1940, and the Hon. Gerald, who was born last December

Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne walked round the Jumping Enclosure with young Gay Kindersley (Lady Oranmore's son by her previous marriage to Lord Kindersley's son, Philip). Lady Oranmore is a niece of the Earl of Iveagh and married Lord Oranmore as his second wife in 1936. They have one child



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
MAY 27, 1942

An R.A.F. Squadron and the Party Spirit

This group, taken somewhere in England, shows Sq. Ldr. P. F. Illingworth, Plt. Offs. J. A. Smith, E. J. Pearson, F. H. Williams, D.F.C., Drakeford-Lewis (Intelligence Officer), S. C. Bushell, Flt. Lieut. F. B. Bassett, Plt. Off. A. A. Smith, Wing Com. J. Darven, D.F.C., Plt. Off. T. R. C. Adams, Fly. Off. A. G. C. Bossy (Adjutant), Sq. Ldr. Metcalf, who sent us the photograph, adds to his list of names—"Hound: Flg. Off. D. O. G. Pooch (14 confirmed)." Thereby, we presume, hangs a tale

for they also fired a young star-shell which was better than the old 1½-in. light. The transport of the Savage Battalions of this G.C.U. force was cut down to a minimum because they used their planes to parachute food, water and ammunition in quite sufficient quantities to serve until the supporting force arrived in position. There is much more interesting detail which could be added if I had the space.

"Sunny" Chariot

"KITTLE cattle to shoe ahint," so goes the old saw; very difficult when they are difficult; the very best when they are not. The first time that his Majesty's flying filly met Perfect Peace, whom she has just beaten by four lengths in the One Thousand, was in the Acorn Plate (5 furlongs) at Newbury on June 6th last year, a weight-for-age contest. She won decisively by two lengths from Trouble, with Perfect Peace another two lengths away, third; the actual distance between the winner and Perfect Peace being therefore the same as in the One Thousand.

On July 2nd, in the Queen Mary Stakes (5 furlongs) at Newmarket's Ascot, she had to go for her life to beat Perfect Peace a head, and Equipose was a length away, third. Upon this a distinguished amateur handicapper put the weights like this: Sun Chariot, 8 st. 6 lb.; Perfect Peace, 8 st. 3 lb.; and it was a justifiable conclusion that the latter had made anything from 9 lb. upwards improvement on the Acorn Plate form, which put her about 12 lb. behind Sun Chariot. The King's filly, 8 st. 12 lb., then (July 24th) won a six-furlong race at Salisbury, absolutely running away—that is to say, beating Kolo, 8 st. 3 lb., ten lengths, Shah Rookh, 8 st. 8 lb., another three away, third.

Revised Figures

THE same distinguished amateur handicapper then revised his figures and put Sun Chariot at 9 st. 7 lb. and Perfect Peace at 8 st. 6 lb.—a difference of 15 lb. Mr. Fawcett, the Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club, put Sun Chariot at 9 st. 7 lb. and Perfect Peace at 8 st. 12 lb.—9 lb. In the One Thousand Sun Chariot won as she liked by four lengths, and that might mean more than the 12 lb. by rule-of-thumb reckoning.

I think we can afford to forget Sun Chariot's unladylike performance in the Southern Stakes, April 25th, when both Ujiji and Mehrli beat her. She never tried a single yard, and was only too obviously suffering from an emotional storm. She made some amends by easily winning the 7 furlongs Sarum Stakes at Salisbury on May 2nd, and now she has danced away from them all in her first classic.

Bill Beresford

THE mention in these notes of that great personality, the late Lord William Beresford, V.C., has brought me many very pleasant letters recalling incidents in his career, including the one which won him the Cross in the Zulu campaign, when he was attached to the 17th Lancers. There is no room in this place even to epitomise such a mass of detail of an adventurous career or to answer even a half of the questions. One correspondent reminds me that Lord Bill was the virtual ruler of India during the time that he was Military Secretary to the Viceroy, from Lord Ripon to Lord Lansdowne. I do not propose even to attempt to answer the question: "What would happen now if Bill Beresford were alive?" I think I know. An "Old Ditcher" (Calcutta) asks if I have a copy of a poem about hard-riding personalities, written by a chap named Kingsley, which was set to the tune of "A Fine Hunting

Bomber Chiefs Plan Shocks for Hitler

Air Marshal Arthur Travers Harris, C.B., O.B.E., A.F.C., Chief of Bomber Command, points to a vital spot on the map as he discussed operations with his Chiefs of Staff, Air Vice-Marshal R. Graham, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C., and Air Vice-Marshal R. H. M. S. Saundby, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C. Air Marshal Harris, known as "Ginger" to his friends, was appointed Chief of Bomber Command in February last

Day." I have not got a copy, and I can only remember some of the lines which referred to Lord William's Calcutta paperchasing (really steeple-chasing) exploits, and they go like this, to the best of my recollection:—

" 'Tis the first of November, our opening day,
" And close by the Thanah we've met.
" The going is heavy, the knowing ones say,
" The paddy fields ponky and wet.

" There's the Old Man himself on a bay,
" Lord Bill on a good 'un to stay;
" There's Jimmy on Bob very much on the job
" And Titwillow to show 'em the way."

I cannot remember any more. I have forgotten the hounds with which "The Old Man" (F. W. Perman) had *not* hunted; "Jimmy" (Boyd) was a great enthusiast, and "Titwillow" some people still seem to remember. "The Thanah" was a police outpost.



A Group of Officers of the M.O.T.C. Training Somewhere in England

Front row: Capt. F. P. McManus (T.D.); 2/Sub. H. McKellar, A.T.S., Lieut. (Q.M.) R. H. Garrood, Commandant Major R. E. Whiston, Lieut. (Q.M.) G. W. Edwards, 2/Sub. G. R. Butler, A.T.S., Capt. J. E. Woodward. Second row: Q.M.S. L. F. W. L. Knightley, Capt. R. A. Carr, Capt. T. W. Robertson, 2/Sub. P. Norman, A.T.S., Capt. N. A. Pain, Lieut. E. R. Standford and another (whose name has, unfortunately, been omitted), and back row: Lieut. J. C. Garnett, Lieut. R. S. Catlow, Cpts. D. McLean, H. Williams, G. Sharp, H. J. Bayliss

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"They Say"

FOR France, the years 1870-1875 were packed with false hopes and horribly real disasters, intrigues and courage, cynicism and piety. *Letters from Paris*, written by C. de B., a political informant, to the head of the London House of Rothschild, edited and translated by Robert Henrey (Dent; 15s.), give a contemporary account of those fateful years. The letters are in the nature of broadcasts from any exciting scene. The mysterious C. de B. (for Mr. Henrey proffers no biographical details, and the most we gather about his family life is that he had a daughter who went to a ball at Joinville) is a born observer, ruled, from first to last, by only one passion—for observation.

It was essential that C. de B.'s letters should reach Baron Lionel de Rothschild in the shortest possible time. They were, therefore, written under the utmost pressure and despatched to London hot from the pen. In selecting Paris rumours, at top speed, for his reports, C. de B. had, to a certain extent, to gamble, or, at least, to rely, on his own trained if not infallible sense of what was significant. Significant, one may ask, in what light, to whom? To the great international House that must keep its watch over the national dramas that racked Europe. In reading the letters, one ought to keep in mind the angle from which they were written. In times when history makes itself violently and too fast, either everything matters or nothing matters. C. de B.'s view was that anything *might* matter: he was taking no chances. His personal attitude was a cagy one. Once or twice he commits himself to a prediction; not once does he utter a sentiment.

Dinner-tables and salons, streets, boulevards and markets, the château shooting party, the Bourse, the officers' mess were impartially combed, for their rumours, by C. de B. In the letters, facts on which he made a cursory check-up alternate with *on dits*, with gossip in all its ranges from the fantastic to the more or less circumstantial. The effect is of looking at history through a net—a net with a fine mesh and a sort of sheen of its own. This is at once intriguing and baffling; at times it can be irritating.

Royal Claims

IN the main, however, what an entertaining footnote to a grave story these *Letters from Paris* make! They cover the Franco-Prussian war, the Commune and the perplexed first phases of the Third Republic—born out of one defeat to die of another. Personally, I had not realised how nearly a monarchy was restored to France in the years that followed 1871. The monarchists were, however, weakened by split allegiance: there were three likely candidates for the throne. The Legitimist, or Bourbon, claim was represented by the Comte de Chambord (unofficially

known as Henry V.), the Orleanist claim by the Comte de Paris, the Bonapartist by the young Prince Imperial—after the death of his father, Napoleon III., in exile at Chislehurst. It was the first of these three, "Henry V.", who gained, on the whole, the most solid support. As Henry was childless, the Comte de Paris (his cousin) would have been recognised as his heir to the throne.

Disheartened by the defeat at the hands of Prussia, horrified by the atrocities of the Commune, there were many in France who desired a return of the Bourbons, with all the old grand French tradition that they implied. The Bonaparte family, parvenus, would seem now to have been hardly royal at all. But the Comte de Chambord, with a firmness one feels bound to admire, refused to compromise with the Republican element. If he were to return, the French tricolour flag—symbol of the first Revolution and all it stood for—must go, and the white flag of Bourbons fly over France instead. "Henry V.", in all honesty, made it clear to the people that he stood for absolute, not constitutional, monarchy.

France of the eighteen-seventies, France of now three revolutions, could not consistently accept the Bourbon idea. So, in a haze of devious intrigues, monarchism lapsed and the Third Republic remained in power. In the years that followed the disastrous war, the people wanted two things—leadership and security. These they began to find. In fact, France recuperated so quickly that Prussia threatened another war. Paris, starved and



Mr. John Winant and Sir Harry Brittain

A very distinguished gathering attended the reception given by Mr. Walter Hutchinson in honour of Sir Harry Brittain, and to record appreciation of the work of the Pilgrims of Great Britain and America in furthering British-American friendship during the past forty years. Sir Harry Brittain's history of the Pilgrims, "Pilgrim Partners," was published recently, and Mr. John Winant, the American Ambassador, is seen signing a specially bound copy while Sir Harry looks on.

bombarded during the siege of 1870, fouled and partially burned by the Communards in the spring of 1871, prepared to astonish Europe by her Great Exhibition in 1878!

During the siege of Paris C. de B. charted the temperature of the cut-off city. He supplies details that are specially interesting now—rationing (there is a photograph of a food card), the shelters in cellars against bombardment by the great German guns, the departures of the Balloon Mail—with its crate of pigeons to bring the return post. There was a drive against luxury: Society figures were criticised for keeping expensive horses. C. de B. gives a number of anecdotes about politicians such as Gambetta Thiers, and MacMahon. One glimpses the lonely, weeping Empress Eugénie. He has, on the whole, a pretty taste in malice.

The Commune is seen from the Versailles angle—C. de B. found it advisable to leave Paris. Paris, as the Commune strong-hold, held out against the army of the Republican Government at Versailles. The National Guard, for some time suspect, now appeared as a definite source of trouble—it mis-used arms given it to defend France. . . . *Letters from Paris* are to be recommended: if the revelations in them are not epoch-making, they throw a lively light on a now rather distant scene.

To Nurse or Not to Nurse
"ONE PAIR OF FEET"
(Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) is a brilliantly
(Concluded on page 282)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WHEN Angelina was in love with Edwin she saw in him a big blond giant; gentle as a fawn towards the weak, but strong as a lion before bullies; upright, steadfast, faithful unto death, whose every appearance sent delicious shivers down her back! Strange! Her friends only saw a young man who seemed to have outgrown his brains and as a companion was as lead upon the hands! Again, Edwin, in love with Angelina, actually seemed to see the clouds of glory which surely had trailed after her since babyhood; a girl of infinite charm; the ideal chatelaine, in fact, for some *Little Grey Home in the West*. Whereas his friends wondered secretly what he could see in her, who for twenty-five years seemed born to be a frump!

Happily, by the time both Edwin and Angelina had begun to see just a little of their friends' point of view, they had become a habit to each other, and habits last longer than dreams. In any case, it is not what actually we are, but what we think we are; not what we actually do, but what we hope to do which floods the inner life with melody—that nobody else can hear. As a supreme instance, I suspect the *Bearded Lady* has moments when she feels she has the human right to sit at her casement window, prepared to drop her kerchief even without provocation.

Evacuated to Oddy-upon-Wem are a number of dowagers who are convinced that blush-rose is still their colour. Hag-gard they may look in a bright light,

and years and years older than either their complexion or their hair, yet to themselves they are still in life's shop-window to be noticed. I suspect, however, they never regard themselves in a bright light, and only the invariably rude reflection of a looking-glass in a station buffet makes them pause, to turn away as quickly as they can. Without our illusions, quite a number of us would go to pieces and, perhaps, as our illusions are our own personal affair, it is not for other people to throw stones; we all have them, and very comforting they are.

In the local lunatic asylum there is a woman who is firmly convinced she is the Queen of Sheba. People say, "Poor thing!" but I sometimes wonder if it would not be extremely nice to pass through life feeling like the Queen of Sheba, when all the outward show we can command is to be able to sit in the most expensive seats in cinemas, and call a waiter with confidence. Without our false importances we should be thrown back upon our true selves and perhaps get the shock of our lives. For it would often seem like coming home to a comparative stranger. Yes, love is blind—and thank goodness! And lots of other emotional aspects suffer from myopia—which is a blessing! If it were not for the "glory" which never quite materialises, humanity would make no advances. Without magnificent illusions there would be no crusades, and anyway, if you are hungry, a breadcrumb of happiness and hope is better than no cake.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



du Vivier—Swann

Lieut. Paul Edward du Vivier, R.E., only son of Mr. Joseph Evariste du Vivier and of Mrs. Phyllis Carlish, of 7, Burnhall Street, Chelsea, and Joan Beryl Swann, only daughter of Mr. A. W. Swann, of Leicester, and Mrs. Swann, of Worthing, Sussex, were married at Brompton Oratory



Mrs. D. A. A. Treherne

Daphne Fairlie Balders, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. D. V. M. Balders, of Camberley, married Lieut. David A. A. Treherne, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. A. Treherne, of Ditchingham, Suffolk, at Flixton Church, Suffolk



Wheeler—Weightman

Sq. Ldr. Neil Wheeler, D.F.C., R.A.F., younger son of the late T. H. Wheeler, and Mrs. Wheeler, of Cape Town, South Africa, married Alice Elizabeth Weightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weightman, of Harpenden, Herts, at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gdns.



Arnold—Ryan

Major William F. Arnold, The Suffolk Yeomanry, son of the late Spencer Arnold and Mrs. Arnold, of Blundeston, Lowestoft, married Priscilla E. M. Ryan, younger daughter of the late Sir Thomas Ryan and Lady Ryan, of Burley, Ringwood, Hants, at the Savoy Chapel



Mahoney—Webb

Lieut. E. Andrew Cormac Mahoney, R.N., second son of Mrs. C. E. Garrard, and stepson of Eng. Captain C. E. Garrard, and Daphne Webb, only child of Admiral Sir Richard and Lady Webb, of Elbridge, Windlesham, Surrey, were married at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Windlesham



White—Featherstonehaugh-Fford

John A. H. White, R.A., son of Mr. C. H. White, and the late Mrs. White, of Waterloo, Hants, married Gladys Featherstonehaugh-Fford, daughter of the late Mr. Featherstonehaugh-Fford and Mrs. Featherstonehaugh-Fford, of Hove, Sussex, at Preston Old Church, Sussex



Myers—Vine

Captain C. E. Sefton Myers, R.A.M.C., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Myers, of Watford, married Winifred Eileen Vine, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Robert Vine, of "Brundhall," Watford, at St. Mary's Church, Watford



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. G. A. R. Cameron-Rose

Barbara Bevan, daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. M. Bevan, of Glynclydach, Neath, married Major G. A. R. Cameron-Rose, R.A., son of the late D. G. Cameron-Rose and Mrs. Cameron-Rose, at Dyffryn Church



Mulholland—Ker

M. H. Mulholland, only son of the Rt. Hon. and Mrs. Mulholland, of Stormont, Belfast, and Rosemary Ker, only daughter of Major and Mrs. David Ker, of Portlaoise, Donaghadee, Co. Down, were married in Ireland

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



It is in practical fashions that Lillywhites, Piccadilly, excel. They have designed and carried out the hand-woven jumper-suit above. The skirt is plain, touches of contrasting colours being introduced on the jumper. Slacks can, of course, take the place of the skirt if preferred. They are provided with all those minor gadgets which are so necessary for those engaged in war work where uniform is not essential. It seems almost unnecessary to emphasise the fact that this firm specialises in outfits for men and women in the Services, including Civil Defence. A particularly useful accessory is a leather handbag which will hold a civilian gas-mask. There is a strap which can be used as a handle or slipped over the shoulders. The bag is provided with a strong fastening

The Blouse and Coatee Department at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, is ever visited by women who need something that may appropriately be worn when on leave, and is simple and inexpensive. Portrayed on the right of this page is a lamé cross-over blouse with a "V" neck and short sleeves: there are many colour schemes. The graceful skirt is of black poul and has a decidedly slimming effect. As many prefer a short skirt for informal occasions, these are well represented here. Pullovers and cardigans have not been neglected; they are in many spring shades



As soon as sunny days arrive, women revel in fancy linen hats and other accessories. Molho, 5, Duke Street, Manchester Square, is responsible for the hat and bag pictured. They are practical, nevertheless decorative. Great success has attended the opening of these salons: heretofore furs were the sole consideration. It is splendid news that he is making a feature of hats (in straw and felt) for 29s. 9d. Some are severe in character and others are frivolous, suitable for summer weddings. Veils play a prominent role in the latter. Then there are snoods in cheerful colours, a touch of ribbon giving them an attractive finish. Standing out with prominence in the collection of furs are the opossum boleros. The cost of fur coats is exceedingly pleasant



UNRIVALLED VALUE AND CHOICE IN FUR-TRIMMED WINTER COATS

These New Autumn and Winter Coats we were fortunate enough to have in stock PRIOR to the INCREASE IN PURCHASE TAX on fur-trimmed garments and the new restrictions . . . they are all absolutely unrepeatable in quality and price, and it would be WISE TO SELECT NOW FOR NEXT WINTER if you require a warm coat with LASTING QUALITIES.

This interesting and exclusive collection is of our usual high standard of quality, each garment perfect in cut and finish, and the furs include black, brown and grey Persian Lamb, Fox, Squirrel, Nutria, Mink, Lynx.

There are also 24 fur-lined coats of various types.

The prevailing colours are practical for today's needs . . . black, nigger and navy, with a few mixture tweeds . . . available in S.W., W., and large sizes.

**Debenham
& Freebody**

WIGMORE ST., W.1
LANGHAM 444 (Debenham's Ltd.)



The model illustrated is in deep crimson French velour, the design showing a Russian influence, with selected Persian Lamb. (18 coupons)

QUALITY LASTS LONGEST — QUALITY SAVES COUPONS

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 265)

Gathering

ONE of the happiest of gatherings took place recently in Captain Leslie Pyke's charming little house off Park Lane. Lord Foley, who composes song music, was there with his mother, Lady Foley; Miss Adèle Dixon was looking splendid in a beautifully cut coat and skirt, and carrying a huge and beloved handbag which had lost its handle, but was perfectly all right without one. Lady Kemball-Cook had her hair becomingly tied up in a white scarf; two men standing about were Mr. Sholto Mackenzie and Mr. Norman Hay, and Colonel Brodie left early. Mrs. A. F. Daubeney, whom I wrongly described as Mrs. Virginia Daubeney one week, was talking about her fourteen-year-old daughter Elizabeth, who lives in the country with Lady Horlick, and does lessons down there. Elizabeth is being considered for the film of *Thursday's Child*: the snag is that, although she is the required age—fourteen—she looks more.

Weddings

MISS VIRGINIA GILLIAT has spent so long in the Midlands, where she lives at Himley Hall, Lord Dudley's place, doing nursing near by, that her many friends in London will be delighted to think that they will have a chance of seeing her soon. She hopes to get to town for her brother's wedding to Miss Llewellyn, which has just been fixed for July 4th at the Guards' Chapel. Whether there will be a reception after the wedding is not yet decided.

Mr. W. R. B. Foster married Miss Jean Urquart at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride was given away by her brother in the Navy, Mr. Neil Urquart; the best man was Captain Derick Foster, of The Scottish Horse, and there was one child attendant, Clarissa Villiers-Smith. The mothers of bride and groom, Mrs. Urquart and Mrs. Foster, were there, and others including an aunt, Miss Urquart, Lady Mancroft, Captain Stormont Mancroft, Sir Campbell Mitchell-Cotts, Lord Verulam, Major and Mrs. Malcolm Arbuthnot and Mr. and Mrs. John Grimston.

Birthday Party

THERE was a collection of really remarkably pretty girls at the twenty-first birthday party of Mrs. Rowland Rank's daughter, Patricia Compton. Mrs. Rank wasn't there because she was looking after the three-months-old Compton baby down in Sussex. The young father, in the Navy, has been liaison officer to Denham Studios since a contretemps at sea has kept him from active service, and is Naval adviser on the Noel Coward film. The Rank family marry very young: the brother, in the R.A.F.V.R., was there with his wife, Pam Minchin, who acts in films. The other sister, Mrs. Robert Ullman, was in a nursing home, having just had a baby. The pretty girls there included Miss Patience Brand, now a despatch-rider—she looks too small to cope with a motor-bicycle; Mrs. Peter Hodge, who was Mia Maiklin, well known as a skater; Lady Ely, who came with her two sisters, Miss Valerie Gronvold and Mrs. David Thomson. The Comte and Comtesse de Caraman, Major and Mrs. Gordon Sheriff, Major and Mrs. Terence Coverdale, Baron James Nugent, and many more, were all enjoying the lovely band.



Dr. Benes Is a Guest of Honour

Dr. Edouard Benes was the guest of honour at the Liberal Social Council's luncheon and sat beside Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, who was appointed president of the Women's Liberal Federation for the second time, in 1940. Dr. Benes was Czech Foreign Minister from 1918 till 1935, when he became President of the Republic. He resigned after Munich, but when the new Czech National Council was formed in 1940 he resumed his duties as President of the Provisional Government

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

funny account, by Miss Monica Dickens, of the first (and only) year of her training to be a nurse. The scene is a large and forbidding provincial hospital, about fifty miles north of London. Here, after a preliminary and far from encouraging interview with the Matron, Miss Dickens arrives, a nervous probationer, in the unduly impressive "dowager Rolls-Royce" that was the only taxi wartime Redwood put out. From that evening her experiences begin.

Miss Dickens's funniness on the subject she chooses is far from being facile or irresponsible. She is shrewd, and she shows, where the human side of hospital life is concerned, not only a quick eye but an excellent heart. Consequently, her publishers do not claim too much when they call *One Pair of Feet* a social document. And she does not grumble—the hospital food, for instance, was, apparently (to put it mildly), charmless, but there was plenty of it to meet the appetites of young women kept on the run all day. In fact, Miss Dickens deals with absurdities rather than with injustices. Her character-sketches of Sisters, nurses, public-ward patients, the grantees of the private wards and the grantees of the town are little masterpieces: this authoress is not Charles Dickens's great-granddaughter for nothing!

How well rendered is the sensation of feeling a perfect fool! The probationer, apparently, can do nothing right: she is sent scudding off on errands she does not understand; if she thinks for herself she is ticked off for presumption; if she does not think for herself she is asked why. The caprices of Sisters rule her entire world. She is put through it, in every phase of her training, with the remorselessness and ingenuity of a fiend. But she *can*, apparently, take it, and she *does* learn. Pent-up indignation is worked off in company with her fellow-sufferers—over plates of pastries in cafés, over the supper-table, sitting on beds at nights. Miss Dickens makes clear how, through all ups and downs, the profession keeps gaining its hold on one. In detail, the life—with its often needless exertions, monotonous routine, gossip, rows, petty rivalries—might seem to be futile. Cumulatively, it is a big thing.

In her first year—that ended in a show-down with the Matron about a hospital story she sent to a magazine—Miss Dickens had varied experience—casualty, private and maternity wards, men and women patients, night duty, theatre work. Her writing, though crisp and light, is so remarkably vivid that one could feel one had been through all this oneself. And, for the novelist that she is, what rich material is a hospital! Right up through the grades, you soon know everybody far, far too well. Both the routine and the constant emergencies show up female character in a relentless light. On the whole, Miss Dickens likes women—except when they try it on. Escapades—such as dances at aerodromes, on the return from which one got in at a bathroom window—and more orthodox outings—such as that shattering Redwood lunch-party—contribute lively passages to *One Pair of Feet*.

One reason Miss Dickens gives for having taken up nursing is her wish to avoid the hip-trouble attendant on more sedentary professions. Foot-trouble (which I myself remember with agony) is not so much stressed, in her training, as I expected. But she was, she says, constantly conscious of raw red hands, which seemed to flame more, on her days out, when anyone looked at them. . . . This book, throughout its pages, gives an impression of fairness. I do not feel that it would really deter any keen young reader from taking up nursing. She would know what she was in for—but surely that is quite right.

Good Fare

THE *Herbert Farjeon Omnibus* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.) is a feast. I can recommend it equally for picking up at odd times or for sticking to for an evening. It contains Farjeon lyrics and sketches, many of which appeared in the revues. To read them is to re-live evenings of high pleasure. Also, I am glad to see the lyrics in print. On the revue stage, things are over too quickly—however gracious the actors in the way of encores. And however clearly the singers sing, one is almost bound to miss a word or two of the lyrics.

To instance only four of the gems, I was glad to pore, line by line, over "When Bolonsky Danced Belushka," "Hollywood Funeral," "Pulling Down London" (which one should reflect on, these days) and "Voilà les Non-Stop Nudes." Here is wit with a bite to it. Is Mr. Farjeon the Gilbert of our day? He can caricature a type or expose a pose in a line; he can pin down a social nuance in a refrain. His funniness gains from its often macabre note. The well-fed geniality of Gilbert is missing—but these are not, and have not been for some time, particularly genial or well-fed days.

Apart from the lyrics, there are the sketches; some dramatic (and known from the revues), others not. As an exquisite piece of comedy dialogue I would instance "The Little White Mouse." . . . Certainly, however dire this age, it has occasioned some comments of which one must be glad. Mr. Farjeon's art has its roots in a shifting soil, but it plants flowers that ought to live.

Girls Together

"LAURELS ARE POISON" (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) shows Miss Gladys Mitchell's Mrs. Bradley at quite her best. This old crocodile—of whom I never tire—is masquerading as Warden of one house of the Carteret Training College for female teachers, in order to clear up a mystery. She does some successful matchmaking in her off times. The caste is feminine. A good novel, with some truly grisly shocker-interest attached.

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BEFORE the war a Scotsman travelling in Palestine learned of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening and returned to Scotland.

On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he presented himself at the church and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand and came nearer to whisper: "No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot!"

JUST as the army cook had got dinner ready to serve, a sergeant dashed into the cookhouse.

"You'll have to provide more dinner," he said, importantly. "A batch of thirty new recruits have just turned up and—"

But the cook stopped listening.

"Hi, Joe," he yelled to an assistant, "chuck a couple more buckets of water in the stew and stir it up!"

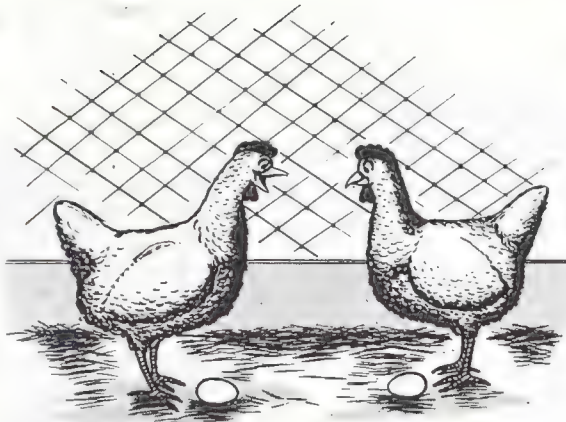
"**G**ERMANY has a special medal for scuttlers now," says a news item. "It is awarded to crews showing special courage in destroying their ships in the nation's interest."

Not so good for morale perhaps. It will only increase that sinking feeling.

HE was extremely conceited and boring at that.

"It's a fact," he boasted to a girl, "that people often take me for a member of the Guards."

"Really?" drawled the girl. "Fire—shin—railway—mud—or black?"



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

"Now, we're finished for another month."

THE good lady had been without domestic help for some weeks, but at last she seemed to have found somebody.

"I don't mind a'comin' now and again to oblige yer," said the woman, in very offhand tones.

"That's kind of you," was the reply. "But what I'm really looking for is daily condescension."

ANEW minister, short and stout, was appointed to a church in Perthshire. The beadle, a tall, raw-boned individual, who had worked at the church for twenty years, showed disapproval of the newcomer from the first.

Knowing that the old beadle was a shrewd judge, one of the elders tackled him on the point.

"What's wrong with him, Mac?" he was asked.

"The man's no good," replied the beadle, shaking his head lugubriously. "His troosers won't fit me."

ORDERLY officer: "Any complaints?"

Private Higgins: "Yessir—the rissoles." Orderly officer: "Rissoles? But this is tea-time, man, and you had the rissoles for breakfast."

Private Higgins: "I know, sir, but I can still taste 'em."

HE was hard up and hungry. Passing an inn he chanced to see the landlord helping the visitors to substantial plates of appetizing dumplings. He walked in.

"Do you call those dumplings?" he asked.

"Certainly I do," replied the landlord.

"Well, I could eat ten of those and the plate as well!"

"I bet you couldn't," returned the indignant landlord.

"I bet you sixpence," insisted the other.

Every one gathered round to see the wager carried out. Stolidly, methodically, the stranger ate the ten dumplings. Then he rose.

"What about the plate!" cried the landlord, triumphantly.

"You've won," the stranger admitted, calmly. "I reckon I can't manage the plate after all. Here's your sixpence!"

STOPPING a passer-by outside a police station, a constable said:

"Can you spare a minute to come inside, sir?"

"What for?" was the suspicious answer.

"To take part in an identity parade," the constable explained. "You won't be kept five minutes."

"Humph!" snorted the passer-by. "They told me that yarn the last time and I was kept three months."

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Publicity and Appreciation

A DISTINGUISHED member of the South African Air Force, who is on a visit to England, complained bitterly to me that recognition of the work the South Africans were doing was being withheld. He said that he gained the impression from the newspapers and the people in the United Kingdom that Great Britain was not interested in what South Africa was doing in the war and not anxious to give her airmen due credit for their achievements.

Similarly I see a report from Ottawa saying that Mr. C. G. Power, the Air Minister, condemned the British Air Ministry practice of not giving out the names of individuals who performed notable feats in the air. He said that the names of American air heroes were better known than Canadian.

The time has come for this matter of publicity for those who do well in the air to be reconsidered. I had to disagree strongly with my South African friend when he suggested that the people of Great Britain were not interested in the achievements of the South African Air Force.

To impute the scantiness of news about these achievements in the papers to the dullness or sheer ingratitude of the British people is to confuse cause and effect. For the fact is that the machinery for distributing the news is inadequate and poorly designed and the papers do not get the chance of devoting much space to the work of dominions airmen.

On the other side, however, I cannot help recalling that, in the early stages of the war in the western desert, the thick laying on of publicity for the doings of the Australians provoked a revolt from the Australians themselves, who demanded that British troops should be given a fair deal.

Names

MY belief is that we have something to learn from the Admiralty in this matter. The Admiralty gives the name of the commander of any ship when that ship appears prominently in the news. It does not distinguish between great successes and great misfortunes. The name of the captain of a ship sunk by enemy dive bombers is given as impartially as that of a ship which achieves some great feat of arms.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

The Air Ministry has sometimes given the names of the leaders of air formations. But it does so only when the formations have achieved something notable. Actually, as all who have been involved in aerial fighting know, a formation leader may be called on to display finer qualities when his formation suffers a severe reverse than when it is successful.

Let me try and offer some constructive criticism on this point. It is that a guiding principle for name publicity must be evolved. It can be evolved only after hard thought and critical examination. It should aim at providing an indication to the industrious preparers of the Air Ministry news service bulletins as well as to the compilers of the excellent Air Ministry official communiqués. And in arriving at this guiding principle the first thing to do is to get rid of the idea that publicity should be doled out as a kind of reward to those who do great feats.

The United Nations are grateful to the whole Royal Air Force and not only to its special stars. They know well that splendid work is done day after day and night after night on routine operations. The principle should be that names are given out when an operation of magnitude occurs, whether it succeeds or fails. And the names should be those of the main formation leaders.

That is the starting point. From that the working out of detail is not too difficult. But it is essential to have the name-giving guided by something more objective than success or failure in warlike operations.

Mobobservation

INDIVIDUAL and then mob; mob and then individual. It is the eternal turn-over; the cosmical crop-rotation; the cycle of civilization or something or

other. And it is seen a little in politics and in air fighting. Out of the mob the individual arises to take supreme command, takes charge, gets drunk on authority, throws his weight about more and more, over-rides criticism with increasing ruthlessness and finally arouses mass fury and the mass organised resistance which sends him crashing.

History notes this cycle. Air fighting exemplifies it. The fighter formation grows and grows in size. It expands layer upon layer. It floats in a vast swollen mob over the earth. Then suddenly it is challenged. Other formations come and engage it. There is a mix up and the individual suddenly finds himself an individual again, fighting for himself and by himself.

And as in what they call the social sciences, the mob is being studied with greater attention in order to find out how it may be used and controlled; so in air fighting the mass formation is being studied so that it may deploy its power more effectively.

Mass observation is what they call the random sampling of bits and pieces of the mob. And so far as we can go at present random sampling is the only way to treat the mass air formation. Whether random sampling—or noting the behaviour of a few people or aeroplanes in selected situations—is a scientific process or not I do not know.

But in air fighting the random sample, which might be taken from an engagement between two aircraft, is not a safe guide to what happens when many aircraft are engaged.

In fact there has not yet been discovered a way of finding out just what does happen in a dog fight. All that we know is that aircraft get separated from one another and whirl about in their own private engagements.

But it has always been obvious that, if a formation could be fought as a formation, an enormous advantage would be derived. Only the bomber formations attempt this and their method (of tight formation-keeping and cross fire) does not apply to fighter formations. In aviation, as elsewhere, we have to discover how to make the mob work.

It is not with saying, Honey, Honey, that sweetness comes into the mouth, says a Turkish proverb . . . Anyone could put a fruit-drink label on a bottle—but that does not make it Kia-Ora.

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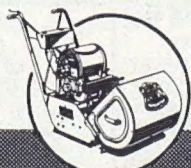
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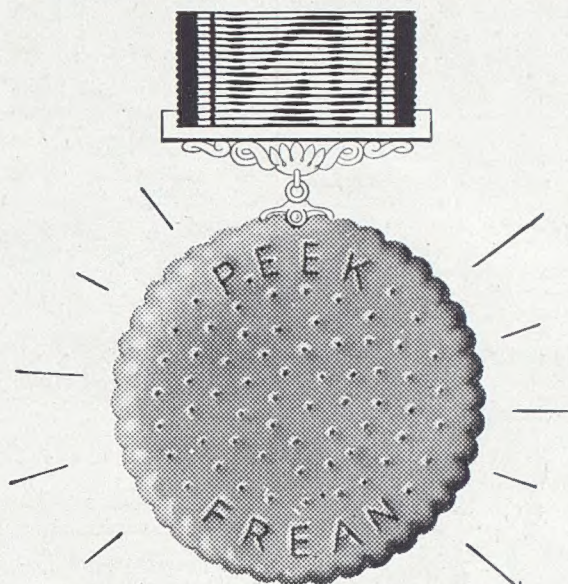
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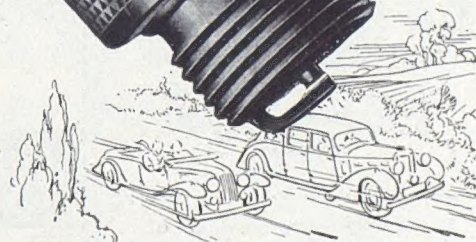
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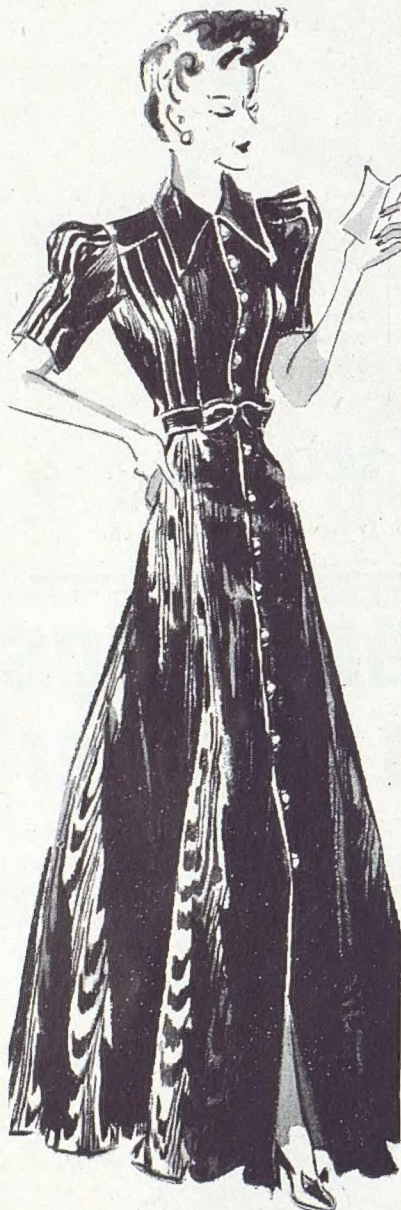
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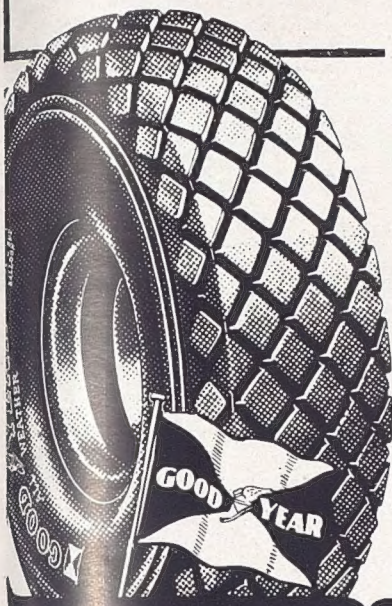
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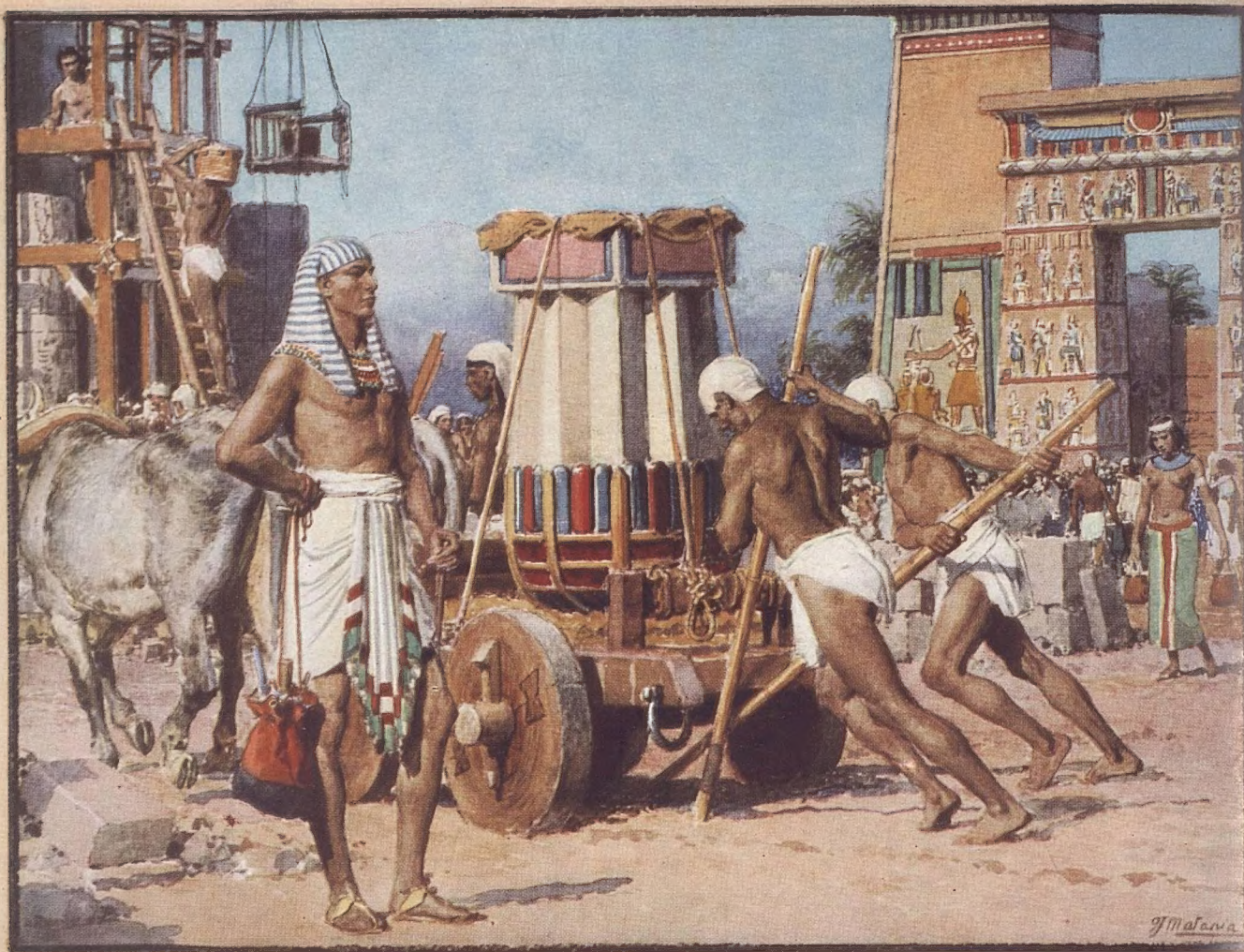
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Daimler Buses

* The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., England